

EXCURSIONS
IN THE
BRITISH NORTH WEST TERRITORY
AND
NORTH AMERICA,
BY
A. H. PERCY AND MRS. H. PERCY,
1877 & 1878.



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS



MR. AND MRS. ALGERNON PERCY.

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Thursday, June 28th.—Alice and I, accompanied by our dog "Sam," sailed from Liverpool, in the Allan Line Steamer, "Carpian," bound to Quebec, for a hunt in the prairies to the West of Manitoba.

We sighted the Straits of Bellefleur, between the north of Newfoundland and Labrador, on July 6th, after a fair passage. We met but few icebergs, what we saw being principally aground in the Straits, and arrived at Quebec on Monday, 9th. We left Quebec the following day in a boat, for Montreal; and thence, by boat, to Toronto; and thence, the following day, to Niagara, where we arrived July 11th. After enjoying the wonderful Falls for three days, we returned to Toronto, and taking the rail to Collingwood, embarked in the steamer, "Cumberland," for Duluth, the western extremity of Lake Superior. The "Cumberland" ran hard and fast to the river of Nipigon, where she remained for three days, giving us time for some good trout fishing. The water rising, floated the steamer off, and we proceeded to Prince Arthur's Landing, where the Captain coolly wished to land the passengers, to wait for another boat, in order that he might be back to Collingwood in time for his next trip. Naturally, we distinctly declined, having booked in the "Cumberland" to Duluth. So, he unwillingly proceeded; but, shortly after, sighting an American steamer bound to Duluth, he asked us to change over, which we agreed to on condition cabins were found us. So, signalling the American, we ran alongside, and changed over; and the "Cumberland," turning round, steered away back for Collingwood, which place, however, she was fated never to reach, for, as we heard afterward, two hours after we parted, she ran twelve knots on a reef, and became a total wreck: all hands were saved. July 25th, we arrived at Duluth, a small American "city."

The scenery on Lake Superior is certainly fine, and, in summer, the passage across it is most enjoyable, the weather being deliciously cool, from the extreme coldness of the water of the lake.

26th.—We left Duluth by Northern Pacific Railway, and ran through to Fisher's Landing, on Red Lake River, a small river running into the Red River. Fisher's Landing is a horrible place, consisting of three huts, and four or five drinking saloons. Fortunately, we found the Red River Steamer waiting for us, and embarked at once.

The steamer was the "Manitoba," and we found her accommodation, in the cabins on her deck house, far better than we expected; but never had we seen such navigation. The river, about fifty yards in breadth, is so winding, and with such short turns and double turns, that the steamer seemed never to be able to go fifty yards without crashing into one bank or the other; and, as the banks are covered with forest, timber, and undergrowth to the edge, you may imagine how odd it seemed. It was like being in a steamer suddenly stranded in the middle of a forest. At night, two huge lamps, with enormous lenses, were set forward on each bow, to serve to light the way, and, I suppose to avoid going full butt into heavy tree trunks. The bright light, thrown on the foliage and trees, had the prettiest effect. Following Red Lake River down, we entered the Red River. There were what we, after Russian Lapland experience, thought were a few mosquitoes, but what everyone on board seemed to think very many, for they were wrapped up in gauze veils and gloves, and made a great fuss about them.

We arrived at Fort Garry, or Winnipeg, as the town is called here, Sunday, July 29th, at 1 p.m., and found not what we expected—a Hudson Bay fort, and a few huts round it—but quite a nice little town, and really a large and fair hotel. We called, armed with our letters of introduction, at Mr. Grahame's house, the H.B. chief commissioner, and found a pleasant quiet gentleman, who kindly and courteously received us, and introduced us to Mr. Grahame. He was most civil, and promised to do all he could to further our views. We went to a nice church in the evening. Next day, Mr. Grahame introduced us to Mr. McTavish, another H.B. officer, and drove us in his buggy down to a Mr. McKay, an ex H.B. officer, some six miles out of Winnipeg, to make arrangements for our trip.

Winnipeg is built at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers. Both are bordered by more or less timber. Outside this stretches the level prairie; now, in many places, under cultivation, growing enormous crops of wheat.

Not finding McKay at home, we returned—Mr. Grahame having word for him to come to the hotel, where he duly arrived in the evening, and made arrangements to start us on Saturday next, as the Governor-General Lord Dufferin is to arrive here on Monday next, and if he arrives before we start, it will delay us much. We are to have three carts, and three men, and a hunter or guide and thirteen horses. I expect to have to buy one or two horses besides. We spent, whilst at Winnipeg, two pleasant evenings with Mr. and Mrs. Grahame. He showed us all there was to be seen at the Fort, the large warehouses, where fur in bales by the thousand, were being despatched to England, having come in from every part of the great north-west country. The Fort itself, the scene of the Red River rebellion, is an oblong stone wall, flanked at the four corners by four towers, loopholed for musketry. Inside the wall is a raised platform, running round, for riflemen, and a strong gateway opens out facing the Assiniboine. Inside are the stores, officers' houses, and a large house and garden belonging to the Chief Commissioner, but now let to the Governor of Manitoba. In the stores you may buy anything, from a lady's white satin shoe to an anchor. Mr. Grahame also kindly gave me a letter to all H.B. Co. officers in charge of forts, directing them to supply me with all I need, to give us and our party all assistance we may need, and to further my plans in every way in their power—in fact, nothing could exceed his and Mr. McTavish's kindness.

Saturday, Aug. 4th, we started, Mr. Kay sending us two horses to ride over to back home, where we were to meet the other horses. Two carts came also for our baggage. A half-breed, named Antoine Walleit, who has been employed as scout and guide by the Northwest Mounted Police, comes on our guide. We dined with Mr. McKay, and then got away. Our party consists of our two selves and dog, Antoine Walleit, guide, George, a half-breed, cook; and Villeneuve and Johnny—the first a half-breed, the latter a full-blooded Sioux—their duties are, to attend to the horses, cut wood, &c. We have thirteen horses and three carts.

Our trail lay along the prairie, about four miles from, and parallel to the course of the Assiniboine. It being late, we got out only sixteen miles, and camped near a place called Xavier. Our pocket flint was most useful, as the water incumbent is not good. Next day, we had a thunderstorm in the morning; these storms are frequent and excessively severe on the prairie. Mr. Grahame is here starting, made us change our tent poles, which were iron-tipped, for plain wood ones, as on the level prairie, a tent pole tipped with iron would be most dangerous in a thunderstorm. In the afternoon, after service, we moved on five miles to White Horse Plains, where we got some milk and eggs from a squatter. The Assiniboine River is settled all along its banks, as far as the Portage; and, further on even than this, there are a few detached farms. The soil is excessively rich, and will grow anything. The cultivation stretches a mile or two in from the river banks, and beyond this lies the unbroken prairie, now covered with wild roses, and many other flowers, which, here and there, dotted about like islands, are patches of willow and scrub. Now and then, one comes on water-holes, or a little creek, whose water trickles slowly through the long grass, to join the waters of the Assiniboine, running into the Red River, through the great lake of Winnipeg, finally to find its way into the icy waters of Hudson's Bay. These creeks and water-holes, a little later, all swarm with wild fowl. Next day, passing a herd of horses, Antoine showed me a good-looking horse—he was a curious, ivory-cream colour—that he said was well known as a wonderfully good buffalo runner, six-year-old. So, after some haggling with the owner, I bought him, and rode him off. He is what the Indians call in very good condition, i.e., very fat, but he will soon get better of that. He stands perfectly still when I fire off his back. We named him "Le Juf," from the owners haggling so much.

We speak to the half-breeds in French, which they all understand and speak well, except the Sioux, who speaks English.

We have named our horses; Ally's are "Sarah," an excellent black brown mare, with tan muzzle; "Gipsy," a good looking black mare, and "Jimmy," a very fast pony. I rode "Le Juf"—"Red Fox," a nice looking chestnut—and a little bay horse I bought at McKay's, called "The Buck, from his tendencies. Antoine Walleit rides a black horse of his own—a chestnut we named "Longfellow"—and a little black pony, very good, but not fast, named "The Plug."

Johnny drives the first cart, to which the reins of the horse in the second cart are attached. George follows in the third cart, and Villeneuve, mounted, drives the loose horses, the English assign themselves the second cart.

Ally and I, used usually to ride on ahead of the carts with Antoine Walleit, and I amused myself with shooting prairie chicken (or painted grouse), of which, however, there are very few this year. Ducks



ON THE MARCH.

and pigeons (*Cotopistes migratorius*). There are several kinds of duck, the common mallard, the black duck (*anas obscura*), and the blue-winged teal (*querquedula discors*); we see also the Sandhill crane (*grus canadensis*), but these wary birds seem unapproachable. Everywhere running through the grass into their holes are small weasel-like animals, called here, gophers.* They are something like the lemming of Northern Europe, but are beautifully marked in longitudinal stripes of black and yellow, the stripes narrowing gradually towards the head and tail; on the black stripes are yellow—brilliant yellow—spots; these spots are larger in the middle or broader part of the stripe, and become gradually smaller as the stripes diminish. They are a curious little animal, and if you do not frighten them by moving suddenly, will let you watch them from quite close. We saw them eat grass and roots, but I suspect they are not averse to a little animal food, for we found quite a number of prairie chickens' heads at the mouth of one of their holes. They were so confiding one didn't like to shoot them, so I did not get one as a specimen. After two or three days of the same kind of country, we found the patches of cultivation getting fewer and fewer, until passing the Grand Portage, a pretty little village, where we sheltered from a thunderstorm at the H.B. Co.'s Store; we left cultivation behind us after crossing Rat Creek. The country now altered, there was more timber, scrub, and marshes—here mounted on "Red Fox," and Ally on "Longfellow," we had a good gallop after a large wolf; but failed, although we nearly overhauled him, to get him, as the beast did use in some thick scrub. At Les Trois Collines we found a Mr. Mackinnon settled with his wife and family. They were very hospitable, giving us eggs, milk, and vegetables. They spoke very highly of the capabilities of the soil, but said that a man with capital could make cattle raising answer even better.

We have passed several Sioux lodges made of buffalo skins; the Sioux men painted in stripes with vermilion, yellow and blue; their long black hair plaited, and feathers stuck upright in a circle round the head; they wore gaily-coloured leggings, and a blanket thrown over the shoulders. We were much struck with the fine open face of one man, about sixty, though still a fine looking active man, standing quite six feet in his moccasins. Outside, near each lodge, is stuck up the medicine stick. This is the branch of a tree with a parcel of something wrapped in old odds and ends of cloth, hung in it. I asked, through Antoine Wallatt, what was inside, but they would only answer, a secret. Antoine told us the medicine stick is taken carefully into the lodge at sunset, and taken out and stuck up at sunrise. These Sioux are a remnant who have fled from American ground, for protection on British soil, after an atrociously cruel massacre of whites in Dacotah. There are a good many skulls about. Sam has already made acquaintance with this horrid little beast. I had shot one and Sam went to retrieve it, the beast was not dead, though fortunately nearly so, however it had life enough to give Sam a mild dose in his face; poor dog, he rolled and ran, and ran and rolled to get rid of the odour—and his company was not agreeable for some days. Our men eat them and esteem them highly, and say that the smell of the "titchcock," as they call him, has medicinal virtues; probably, as it is most beastly. The flesh is very white and excessively fat, but as it has a faint taste of the smell, is unpalatable except to the initiated. Antoine tells us long stories about lodgies, and of the days of what was called Le Grand Brigade. Up to within the last two or three years, it was unsafe for the half-breed hunters to venture after buffalo, unless in strong parties. So one large party or brigade was formed—this brigade numbered many hundreds of families, each man bringing his wife and children, horses and carts. A chief was elected, whose orders were implicitly obeyed—he was assisted by several councillors—captains were chosen, and squadrons of men put under their orders. Frequently they had a priest in the brigade, and then mass was performed regularly on Sundays, on which day no hunting was ever allowed. When camp was pitched, all the carts, shafts inwards, and wheels locked close together, were drawn up to form a huge circle, the lodges were pitched in the centre, a squadron was told off to mount guard for the night, double sentries were placed, and it was the duty of the captain of the guard to go the rounds and visit the sentries, especially a little before sunrise. By these and many other precautions, the half-breeds lived, literally surrounded by hostile Indians, frequently in large numbers, almost always outnumbering themselves; and managed to provide for themselves and families, by buffalo hunting, rarely having any casualties, though constantly attacked; and seldom losing many horses. Holes were dug in the centre of the ring, into which, in case of attack, the women and children were thrust. Villeneuve made us laugh very much one evening by the camp fire, by his graphic description of his sufferings as a small boy, jammed at the bottom of a hole, and squashed down again each time he tried to raise his head to look out.

When we arrived at the Grand Rapids of the Assiniboine, we found a small brigade of half breeds, waiting whilst a skin boat was being made to cross. One named Brelan, an elderly man, was head of the brigade, and was most civil, giving us some beef—they had just killed a bullock—and promising to send us across the first, when the boat was completed. He said his wife was very ill; I went to see her, and treated her for overmuch fresh beef, with great success. The boat was now finished, and we were invited to cross. It was a framework of wood, lashed together with raw hide, in shape like an oblong box. This frame was covered with buffalo hides, sewn together, and securely lashed round. The bottom is then filled up with loose branches, and a capital boat is completed; it is drawn backwards and forwards across the river by means of a rope. We crossed first with Brelan and his favourite horse, who stepped into the boat like a dog, and stood perfectly still whilst we were being pulled across. He was a very good-looking horse, about five years old, and hearing that he was very fast, I, not without difficulty,

got Brian to sell him to me. Our carts, loaded, were then hauled across one at a time, and then our horses were swum over; they readily took to the water and crossed safely, led by the "Jew" and "Sarah." We camped the opposite side, and amused ourselves watching the half-breeds swimming their horses across. Next day was Sunday, and after reading, I enquired for Antoine, who appeared rather boozey, his friends in the brigade having evidently liquored him up in the most princely manner. I moved camp, and on his recovering read him a smart lecture. We found a beautiful place to camp, a little stream with well-wooded banks, and about a mile off, on the other side, a low mountain covered with timber. Crossing the stream we hunted this carefully for tracks on the following day, but without success, seeing only a solitary fox. We therefore struck camp, and moved on to the southward and westward, till we struck the Souris River, which we followed, hunting the thickets which line its banks. We found a few tracks of mule deer and Virginian deer. One evening I started off alone into one of the thick wooded points, and forcing my way through twined masses of hops and convolvuluses, found some fairly fresh tracks. I hunted on carefully towards the camp, when, just as I thought I was getting clear of the wood I was stopped by a lake, laying right between me and the camp. I tried to the left, but there the lake joined the river, so went back to the right, only to be confronted by the lake again. This was not amusing; the sun was very low, and forcing one's way through so dense an undergrowth very fatiguing; however, not caring to wet my rifle by swimming the lake, which was not more than fifty yards across, but deep, I tried still further back to the right, and came to the lake again. It was impossible to follow the edge of the lake, the undergrowth there being quite impenetrable, and nowhere could I see twenty yards in front of me. So I took a drink of water, and lit a pipe, and sat down to consider. Evidently, I was on a peninsula, and the only way, besides swimming, was to get back the way I came in. So I set to work, and, after half-an-hour's fight through the bushes, hit my old trail. Then, when in the thickest under-wood, up jumped two hind wapiti close to me, and disappeared long before I could disentangle myself from the creepers enough to get my rifle up to my shoulder—it was provoking. However, sticking to my trail in I got clear, just after sunset, and was very glad to see Ally riding up, followed by Antoine with led horse for me to ride back to camp, as I was quite tired.

Next day, we found some fresh tracks by the river that we could not make out, but the mystery was solved by Villeneuve galloping up to us, saying they had seen two buffalo ahead of the carts. We galloped off at once, Ally was riding "Sarah," Antoine, "Longfellow," and I, the horse I bought from Brian, which we had named "Doctor." Villeneuve rode with us, to show us where they had seen the buffalo. Arrived at the top of one of the mounds of the rolling prairie, we saw two big buffalo calves quietly feeding, and charged them at once. Away they went, at a pace that surprised me; indeed it is wonderful how such an apparently clumsy beast shows such great activity. "Doctor," at first, was frightened, never having seen buffalo before, but he soon got his blood up. I was very pleased to find him very fast. When I got alongside I missed the first shot clear, from putting my rifle to my shoulder; the best way firing at a gallop being to take a quick sight, with both arms quite extended. I then shot them both after a most capital and enjoyable gallop. Antoine went wild with excitement, belching, shrieking, whooping, and pestilential. We sent for a cart to bring them into camp, and we were thinking of breakfast, when back came the cart with only one calf, the men saying the other, on their attempting to put him into the cart, had suddenly reconstituted, charged the men, whom he had put to flight, and had made off. I saddled the "Jew," and started off in pursuit, but had quite a long gallop before I overhauled and shot him; the "Jew" coursed and turned him like a greyhound does a hare. The buffalo had only been stunned by the first shot. Close by camp I shot two large ducks (*anas obsoleta*).

Next day we came to the Tête de la Biche, or North Antler Creek; here we found a Sioux (or Dacotah as they call themselves) grave; it was made of wooden bars crossed, and looking through we saw the dish placed with food for the use of the deceased on his way to the happy hunting grounds. The wolves had long since devoured both the food and the poor remains.

Following the creek some fifteen miles, we crossed it, and made across to South Antler Creek. We had an excitement on our way by Villeneuve reporting buffalo, but as we, on going up, saw neither buffalo nor tracks, he must have mistaken some antelope (*antilocapra americana*) or carib, as the half-breeds call them for buffalo; the mounds on the prairie magnifying objects tall almost unrecognisable. And we have entered the antelope country, and saw one ourselves, but out of shot.

Next day we struck across to strike the Souris River, but Antoine got out of his reckoning, and we did not arrive; and as the only wood to be found grows by the creeks and rivers, and as there were too few buffalo for us to use their droppings to burn, the usual prairie fuel, we had to boil our kettle with dry grass, a work of much time and trouble. The following morning we struck the Souris, but we didn't know whether north or south of the boundary. We tried some miles south to find the boundary trail, but failing, turned north again. We had found a place to cross, when we discovered buffalo on the other side, and though hated started after them, Ally on "Sarah," I on "Doctor," and Antoine on "Longfellow." Got within a hundred yards of them, the ground being favourable, and charged; there were two bulls, one a very large one, and a cow with two calves. I rode for the big bull, and after a smart race, got up to him, and dropped him, and then raced for the second bull. Antoine raising the most awful din, with his howls and shouts. Ally well up. Getting up to the second bull, I dropped him, and to Antoine's surprise reared up, as I did not wish to kill the cow with her calves. Then Ally

called out "The first bull's off again," and true enough he had got up and was making off. Away I went after him, and as he had got half a mile start, had a long gallop. After about two miles, down a gully went the bull; the gully ran at an angle to our course, so now was my chance, and cutting off the corner, I rode at him, round he whirled and charged; "Doctor" spun round on his hind legs and fled, and the bull stopped. Steadily the "Doctor," who was scared, I got a fair shot, and dropped him. After cutting his tongue out, I lit a pipe and started to find the others, which I soon did. Then Ally told me that the other buffalo had him with his four heels up for some time, and that she had thought of dismounting to see if it was quite dead, before she rejoined me; but that Antoine coming up she had told him to do so. But the bull suddenly got up, and although Antoine fired at it (with my muzzle loader, which he carried under strong orders never to use except in emergency), and he said hit it again, the bull got off into a gully. It was most providential Ally did not dismount. We returned to cut up and skin No. 1, and then proceeded to look for No. 2; but it was now dark, and although we caught sight of him for an instant, I never got another shot, and lost him in the darkness. We had some difficulty in finding our camp, it being very dark, and we did not exactly know where they had pitched. The following morning we tried to find the wounded bull, but the fire was running on the prairie, and the air was thick with smoke, and we never found him. In the evening we tried up the river, and not far from camp saw some Virginian deer feeding; they bounded at once into cover, having seen us. I dismounted, and going back stole up the edge of the wood to where they had entered, and then crept quietly on the track, which were easily followed from the trail having been much used. Stalking cautiously some way by a clump of oak trees, I caught sight of two ears erect above the willows. Seeing no stag, I aimed below, and in line with the ears, and fired. Coming up, I found a large Virginian deer, a hind, quite dead, the bullet having passed through the neck, cutting the spine in two. This species of deer has many names, the right one being Virginian deer *peromyscus leucurus*, or *cervus Virginianus*— "Clay." It is also known as the red deer, or white-tailed deer, or jumping deer, from the series of bounds it makes instead of galloping. In summer its coat is a bright red, becoming grey or mouse colour in autumn, the tail remaining always white. The half-breeds call it the *cheerwell*, in common with the mule deer (*peromyscus macrotis*). They are found in the wooded courses of rivers, and are seldom seen far from cover, feeding in and close outside the thickets in which they hide during the day. They are about the size of the fallow deer. We found the flesh excellent, and vastly superior to tough bull bison beef. Next day I shot another, but saw no stags, although I tracked a wapiti stag some distance; but he had seen the crew and I lost him. We met a brigade of half-breed buffalo hunters coming from the west, or setting out, as they say here. They report Sitting Bull's Band of Sioux as getting troublesome, that he is at present camped in the Wood Mountains, and has commenced stealing horses, and that they, the half-breed brigade, were returning for fear of them. They recommended us not to venture much farther. Moved on to the Riviere des Lacs, which we reached at noon, when Villeneuve told us there was a noted elk or wapiti hunter with the brigade we had passed. So we determined to go back and try to catch them up, leaving our camp where it was. Accompanied by Villeneuve, leading a horse, to bring the elk hunter back on, we started and had a long gallop, not catching up the brigade before sundown, on the east side of the Souris. A half-breed named Gardepaix, at once invited us to his Lodge, and a thunder-storm coming on we resolved to remain where we were for the night. We engaged the old elk-hunter's son, who, he assured us was as good as himself, as the old man was ill and too weak to come. Gardepaix and his wife entertained us royally with cow buffalo and tea, and did all in their power to make us comfortable. The Lodge was perfectly clean, and it was delightful to see all his seven children kneel down and say their prayers before going to sleep; as did Gardepaix and his wife also. Gardepaix told me the following remarkable story. He said his wife had been very ill indeed with a swelling in her throat, probably a quinsy. She had got weaker and weaker, had not spoken for a long time, and her pulse was hardly perceptible; and he thought her dying. It was the middle of the night, and he was praying earnestly for her recovery, praying that she might be spared to him and his seven little ones, when he heard (I use his own words), a beautiful canticle being sung close to him in the Lodge, or skin tent. He started and looked round, there was no one; he went out; the open prairie was still and quiet; there was no one. Returning, he looked at his wife, she lay unconscious; the song continued, and he said, then he knew his prayers were heard. Presently, as he was on his knees, his wife turned and spoke, the swelling had burst in her throat, and she was well. "En reconnaissance, nous avons grande cause de remercier Le Bon Dieu," he concluded.

We left these good people in the morning, taking Jean Valie, the elk-hunter, with us. He seems a nice, tidy young fellow. On arriving at camp, we found our men had been alarmed at our absence, and, early in the morning, seeing two stray horses the other side of the lake, one of them white, or cream colour, the colour of the "Jew," whom I was riding; they naturally thought we had lost the camp in the night, had halted till morning, and that two horses had strayed during the night. So Antoine had started off on horseback to search for us and catch the horses. We raised camp and started northward, along the lake shore; on our way saw buffalo and antelope the other side of the lake, but could do nothing, the lake being a mile across, and about twenty miles wide to get round to the game, which we could not have managed before dark. In the evening Antoine joined us, having caught the two horses, which, oddly enough, turn out to be two he lost in the spring, two hundred miles from here. We have our doubts, but let him have the benefit of them. Camped by a mound, called by the half-breeds

La Butte Marquee, from the figure of a man cut out in the turf at the top. The figure was cut to commemorate the following,—according to Indian notions,—great feat of arms. A party of Assiniboines were encamped, not far from the Butte Marquee. The Blackfeet, with whom the Assiniboines were at war, sent a scout out to reconnoitre the Assiniboine position, who arriving at the Butte after nightfall, and knowing by the signs that the camp could not be far off, determined to wait at the top till dawn, hoping that lying at the summit he might then be able unperceived, to learn the Assiniboines' numbers and positions; he fell asleep. Before dawn, an Assiniboine brave, a well known and determined scout, leaving the lodges, commenced to make a wide circuit round the camp, being fearful of a surprise. In his reconnaissance he stole with noiseless unobscured tread to the top of the Butte, and found the Blackfoot sleeping. The Assiniboine was unarmed, but seizing a huge stone, he smashed the sleeping Blackfoot's head in.

This great coup of killing the scout, who, had he escaped unobserved, would undoubtedly have led a party of his tribe to surprise the Assiniboine camp, was thought so much of, that in honour of the Assiniboine the figure of the Blackfoot was cut in the turf; and the stone he was smothered with placed on the head, where we saw it. This happened about twenty years ago. We hunted all the side of the lake where we saw buffalo the day before, but without success, from the thickness of smoke hanging in the air, the prairie being on fire in many places. Saw several antelope, one of which I fired at and missed. From here we marched over burnt prairie about thirty miles, and there being no wind, passed right through the fire into the unburnt country beyond; the flames being only about a foot high, it was easy to pass quickly on horseback. I dismounted and carried "Sam" through in my arms, as I was afraid he would get his feet burnt. Nothing can be more dreary than passing over a burnt prairie, an unbroken black waste, with here and there a buffalo skull or bone, no animal life, and the fine ashes getting into the mouth and nose create great thirst. To add to this frequently a hot sun, and the air thick with smoke. We passed St. Peter's Springs, where there is an abundant spring of beautiful water. Camped by La Riviere Courte, and next day set out towards the Grand Coteau. I sent Antoine to the left and Jean to the right, to look out for buffalo, we keeping in the centre, a mile or two ahead of the carts. Antoine presently rode in with intelligence of a large solitary bull, so I saddled the "Jew," and taking my 16 cental fire gun, in preference to a rifle, as being lighter, and ball cartridge, we started to hunt him. Ally mounted on "Jimmy," and Antoine on one of the recently caught horses that went by the name of "Le Chocelat." We also took Villeneuve with an empty cart to bring back the meat. We managed to get within about a hundred yards of him unperceived, and I thought I was going to get him easily, when Antoine, who had got excited, and perhaps wished to see a good gallop, gave a tremendous hollow. Off went the bull best pace, and away I followed on the "Jew," who had been fidgeting and tossing his head from the first moment he saw the buffalo. The "Jew" had himself down to gallop in rare form. I gained rapidly, till within forty yards, but then seemed not to gain an inch. He now led the dance over some very bad ground, a marsh that had dried up, and the ground was full of cracks; the pace was tremendous, but the "Jew" never put a foot wrong. The chase now turned to the left, letting in Antoine whooping and shrieking on "Le Chocelat," still to the left, now letting Ally on "Jimmy," and Villeneuve in the cart, have a beautiful view of the hunt. The bull now seemed to fail a little, and making a spurt I got alongside, and was just pulling, when up went his tail and round came his head to charge. *Prenez Garde*, shrieked Antoine, but the "Jew" knew all about it, and sheering off by himself, as I fired, I missed him clean. At him again went the "Jew," and this time getting well abreast, I put a bullet into his heart: he staggered and fell behind me as I pulled the "Jew" up all in a lather, after a grand gallop. I was much pleased with my horse, the ground having been very bad, full of badger holes and deep cracks. Antoine at once commenced to indulge in the half-breeds' and Indians' horrible delicacy, hot raw tripe, steeped in warm blood, too heavenly, as I told him, and stopped the disgusting repast. On arriving at camp, we found they had sighted a herd of antelope, or carib, as the half-breeds call them, about a mile off, so accompanied by Jean Valje, I started off for a stalk, but the prairie was as level as a billiard board, and we found it impossible to approach them. Sunday, as usual, we rested, and got some of our men to come when we read prayers. All those cases who understood a little English. Antoine leaves us to-morrow. I have decided not to kill more buffalo. I have four good heads, and had some good gallops; and we do not wish to kill the poor beasts uselessly. Antoine goes on to join a brigade where his family are, he hopes to find the brigade between the Cypress and Wood Mountains. I let him go sooner, as the poor fellow is naturally very anxious, since we heard of Sitting Bull's Sioux being troublesome. He is said to command five hundred lodges of braves. Our horses stampeded in the night, what they were scared by I cannot say. Our men say a bear or a Sioux. All civil I notice is at once laid to the door of a Sioux. We purpose returning by the north side of the Souris, crossing the Riviere D'Arigal. None of our men know the country, but the compass will, I think, be sufficient guide.

Monday, Sept. 2nd.—Raised camp, and bidding Antoine Walfelt good bye, started to strike and cross the Souris. On our way we sighted a herd of antelope, and leaving Ally with the horses, Jean and I, after a long and difficult stalk, got within a hundred yards, and got a very fine buck, shooting him through the heart, and killing a hind with my left barrel, about two hundred yards off. Oddly enough, I did not see her fall, as she bounded into the middle of the herd, and fell there. Though I felt certain I had hit, I thought she had got off, and we never found her till we had cut up the buck. We camped by



FIRST BUFFALO HUNT





RUNNING THE OLD BULL BISON

the Mantraises Terres of the Souris, near where the Riviere Longue joins it. A vein of coal, apparently good, crops up on the surface here. Saw more antelope, but no bucks, so did not shoot any. We marched northwards along the Souris, and saw two wild horses and many antelope; in unsuccessfully trying to catch the horses, we scared the antelope. In the evening, however, Jean and I, after a long stalk, got up to some more antelope. I bagged one, and wounded another, I could not get it, being nearly dark. The horns are black and rise immediately above the orbit of the eye; about half way up is a small flat point, from which the animal has received the name *Prong Horn*. The horns within two or three inches of the tips curve backwards; it has no dew-claws as the deer or bison tribe. Its height is a little over three feet. The antelope—I speak of the buck—sheds its horns annually by a curious process; the outer shell drying becomes loose and falls off, leaving the perfect but young horn underneath. This is soft for a day or two, but soon hardens; hence it has been frequently asserted that the antelope does not shed its horns. Next day, we saw sixteen wild horses, and, although we hobbled our horses, and brought them up as a decoy, they got our wind and went off in a string like deer. These horses are probably lost by Indians or half-breeds on the plains, have got together, and become quite wild. I shot another antelope, after an easy stalk, and we saw the two horses we had seen yesterday, again. We had to keep a long distance between us and the Souris, the ground near the river here being broken by innumerable stony gullies; and as the only wood is by the river banks, we have to carry that commodity. Water in holes is everywhere plentiful. The following day sighted the Riviere D'Angeval, or Moose River, and sighting a herd of antelope moving across, galloped to cut them off. By keeping in a gully we managed to get within a little over two hundred yards of the passing herd; a fine old buck brought up the rear. I jumped off my horse and got a pretty shot, the buck staggered a few yards and fell dead, the bullet had struck him right behind the shoulder. Camped at the Riviere D'Angeval, where we got quantities of excellent wild cherries, and in the morning made a course, by compass, for the boundary trail, where it cuts a small creek with no name. This trail was made by the surveyors of the boundary line, between British and American soil, in 1870, I think. On our way saw a badger out of his hole, Jean headed him back, and I riding at him, he stopped, and I shot him; he has a good skin, but his teeth were nearly all gone from age. Camped at South Antler Creek for Sunday, but Sunday evening had an alarm of Sioux. Our horses first took fright, and after quailing them a wolf proceeded to make the night hideous with his singing. Now to imitate the howling of a wolf is the usual Sioux night signal, when they are on mischief bent; and as our men declared it was not Simon pure who was singing, but a human imitation, we lay by our arms all night, very much on the *qui vive*, however nothing happened. With dawn the wolf, for I believe it was only a wolf after all, moved off, and we raised camp, passed a heavier dam cleverly built across the creek—it was quite new. A hot stifling wind was blowing all day, the first disagreeable day we have had: the sun was scorching. We made a long halt at mid-day, laying pausing under the carts for shade. In the evening it got cooler, but then came clouds of winged ants, that got down our necks and under the horses' saddles, making them frantic. Camped by North Antler Creek. Arrived at the Souris, which we crossed by taking the baggage over in a tiny little old dug-out canoe we found there; the carts, empty, were dragged across, and the horses swam. Here not being afraid of disturbing game, I shot some snipe and ducks. I killed here the green-winged teal (*Querquedula discolor*) and the gray duck (*Chantalina streperus*), in addition to the varieties I had got before, and a bird like a water hen (*Colinus Americanus*). We camped that night between the Souris and Turtle Mountain. We have seen a good many white cranes (*grus Americana*) but have never had a shot at one: they are a huge bird, standing fully four to five feet in height. A herd of antelopes passed us next day, one buck quite close, about forty yards off; to my disgust I missed him, both barrels, and looking at my rifle, found that after cleaning it I had left the sight up for two hundred yards. We hunted Turtle Mountain on the northern side, but saw no tracks of elk (*Cervus*), fox of Virginian, or mule deer, and one of bear. Next day we passed a Sioux lodge, and sat and talked with the men some time. There were two of them, both were Christians. The elder had a Bible printed in Sioux, and the other one told me that whenever they met other Sioux, the elder man read and told them its teaching. Camped in the evening near a small trader's hut. He lives here with his wife, 100 miles from the nearest white man, trading with the Sioux. His prices were outrageous, and the Sioux gave him the name of a hard man. As they do not stick at trifles where they consider themselves illused, or affronted, I fear the trader will meet with harm. We were sorry for his wife in so dangerous a position. To-day the "Buck" gave us suddenly. We found his hoofs were worn down to the sensitive sole, so the poor beast could go no farther. A Sioux rode in on a very handsome little stallion, so after much bargaining we effected an exchange, I giving the "Buck," a little money, tobacco, tea, gunpowder, and a few caps, for the little horse. The Sioux said he would tie the "Buck" up and give him cut grass, so that not having to move about, the horn would soon grow again. We could not get away that evening, the bargaining having wasted much time. The Sioux, whose name was Awitchahan, said he had a woman ill in his lodge, so Ally and I walked there in the evening, accompanied by Johnny to interpret. It was dark when we got to the lodge, but inside a fire lit it up well. Here lived Awitchahan with his two wives, and his mother-in-law, the last old lady was the one who was ill from simply nothing but want of proper food. These poor Indians suffer terribly from want of food, depending entirely on what they kill, to supply all their wants. A few days' ill success drives them to the greatest straits. We left the old woman some pots of Liebig's Extract, and a little brandy that I pretended to mediate, in order to

deter Awitohah himself from drinking it. We sat some time in the Lodge, and noticed the blankets had the United States' Government mark, evidently some taken when poor General Custer and his party were massacred near Powder River. We were pleased to hear, next day, the old lady was better; but also there was lamentation at the trader's hut, one of their cows having been barbarously cut with a knife. Of course the Sioux were at once accused of it, and equally, of course, denied stoutly any knowledge of the cow whatever. Arrived at Blairstown, or Badger Creek, we carefully hunted the banks, which are well wooded, but saw no tracks.

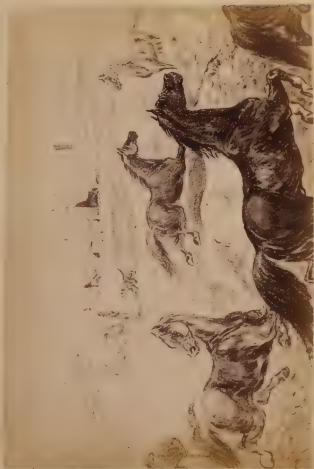
Monday, Sept. 17th.—A most latter pouring wind blew over the prairie, but hunting in the forest under shelter, it was warm enough. This forest extends right away east to the Peabody Mountains, it is composed of thick oak copses, interspersed with elm, ash, poplar, and birch; the swampy places covered with the red willow (*shumkin*) whose bark is smoked mixed with tobacco, or alone, by the Indians and half-breeds. The undergrowth is excessively dense, huge and convolvuluses twining in every direction, only under the oak copses is the ground fairly clear. Our plan of hunting is this, we start an hour before daylight and ride slowly through the forest looking for tracks. If we find fresh ones we dismount, Ally sometimes remaining with the horses, and at others we leave the horses tied to the trees. We then, taking the utmost care to make no noise, follow the tracks carefully into the thick copses, into which, at sunrise, all the game retires, biding fairly to my mind the Psalm: "The sun ariseth, and they get them away together, and lay them down in their dens." One morning I quoted it to Jean, "*C'est bien un bonjour, qui commencent à chasser comme il faut*," was his comment. We found tracks of wapiti, deer, and bear, but nothing very fresh. In one place an old bear had been feeding her cubs with acorns. She had climbed an oak tree and tearing off the branches, threw them down to her cubs below. I should much have liked to have seen her doing it, and don't think I could have found it in my heart to hurt her. At another place we found where a wapiti stag had been calling to the hinds, the trees and branches all scored and cut with his horns. Jean called several times, mistaking the belling of the stag wapiti, by blowing down the barrel of an unloaded shot gun. But we had no success for several days, till, whilst the camp was moving, Villeneuve galloped up, saying they had seen a large animal, either a wapiti or a moose, come out of the forest a mile or more from them. We galloped off at once into the wood, down wind of the place they indicated. Having guessed the wood, Jean and I dismounted, tied up our horses, and leaving Ally with them, crept off to find our game. A quarter of an hour's silent walk brought us to where the animal had been seen, there was a thickly wooded gully, and we crept up to the edge; it was as thick as a bog. Jean whispered, "Stay here, what-I go down, if anything is there, you may get a shot as it runs up the side of the gully." Just then a stick snapped below us; I stopped him, then came a cough, "*Get up, now*," whispered Jean, but then followed the— to anyone who has heard it before—unmistakable grunt of a moose. Crank went the sticks below us, and into a little opening, stalked a young bull moose. I raised my rifle, and was going to fire, when Jean touched my arm, a huge pair of horns were following, the young bull moved out of sight, and into the opening stepped a splendid fellow. He was not more than a hundred yards from where we stood, and I let him have it—hind the shoulder. He staggered, and I fired the second barrel at him, down he came with a tremendous crash, breaking the boughs and young trees with his huge carcass as he fell. Loading quickly, I caught sight of a dark object between two trees. This was the young moose, aiming at him, I fired, and heard him fall heavily to the bottom of the gully. Then we heard others in the gully, and ran to different points to try to see them. Finally they broke out of the gully where we could not see them, they were a cow and two calves. We found the big bull stone dead, the bullet holes behind his shoulder not an inch from each other; then we looked for the young moose, and found where he had fallen, but also saw he had got up again, and made off. Ally now galloped up, saying, "Three moose, the young bull, and two calves, had passed close to her, the bull being lame from a wound in the shoulder." Jean thought it would be best to wait a little before following him up, as if he was broadside on to me, when I fired, he would not go far; but if end on, the bullet probably had only passed through the flesh of the shoulder. Accordingly, I sent Jean to bring two men and a cart for the old bull. On his return, we took the tracks, Jean followed them two hundred yards on foot, then jumping on his horse, away he went, like a bound on a line, had it not been for a little blood here and there on the leaves, I should have doubted the possibility of his being right. We followed the tracks till dark, and then had to give him up, having all we could do to extricate ourselves and our horses from the thick forest into which we had plunged. We were glad to arrive at camp, long after dark, and found a hot supper of moose steaks awaiting us. The American moose (*alce Americain*) is identical with the European elk. I noticed, however, the colour of the American species to be darker than the European. In the one I shot to-day, the dewlap is considerably longer than in those I shot in Norway. The track of the moose is readily distinguishable, not only from its size, but also from the horny points, behind the hoof, leaving their distinct mark. The track of the bull is known from that of the cow, by the size, and also by the step in the former being longer than that of the latter; thus is noticeable also in the deer tribe. The moose, unlike the wapiti, is a quiet animal, staying much about the same haunts, unless disturbed; his keen sense of hearing and wonderful nose, make him a difficult animal to stalk. The one I got to day has nine points on each horn. Next day, after hunting some distance eastward, Jean said he smelt a fire, a camp fire he said, for he smelt burning wood. We smelt nothing, however, after following Jean's



MOOSE'S HEAD.



ANTELOPE OR CABRI PRONGHORN







more than two miles, we came to a deserted camp, the fire was still burning. Off we got to look at the signs—one wagon, one cart, and, by jingo, boot heels! What people then, what could they be doing out here? Rather disgusted, especially as we found by the feet of a freshly-killed doe Virginian deer, that they had been hunting. We made for camp, and on our way saw the cart and wagon in the distance, so I sent Jean to them to invite them to breakfast. On their arrival we found they were Englishmen, settlers in Manitoba, and they had come out here to see the country, I confide, with a view of making claims, or perhaps looking for coal. They say they have seen no game, except the one deer, whose feet we found by their fire; but I don't think they seem to have hunted much. We gave them a good breakfast—moose steak, hot bread, butter, marmalade, and tea, which they seemed to appreciate. Before starting they insisted on leaving us some ducks they had shot. Moved camp near La petite Montagne de Poil, close by a hill called La Butte Medicane. In the evening saw two Virginian deer, but would not shoot at them, as they had no horns, being young ones. The next morning, the wind being unfavourable, we did not hunt; it changed, however, at noon, and we started about three p.m. Hardly had we gone a mile from camp when we saw a black object moving under the Butte Medicane, which, on examination with the glass, turned out to be a bear. Jean was very anxious that I should run him on horseback, but, as I was uncertain whether my little horse, "The Sioux," would face a bear, I determined to stalk him on foot. Leaving Ally with the horses, we made a good stalk, getting within a hundred yards of Brun, who was busily occupied eating away at ants' nests; directly he finished one nest, chombling off to another. I shot him, and he fell quite dead. He has a beautiful long black coat and a tan muzzle, he is a full-grown male. After sending to camp for a cart to bring him in, we proceeded to hunt the part of the mountain nearest to the camp. "The Sioux" is a most excellent little horse to ride in cover—as clever as Ally's "Jenny"—the way the horses got through the woods, fallen and decaying trees lying crosswise in every direction like spell-casters, is wonderful. In an open glade of the forest we came suddenly on a curious Sioux idol, it was about life-size; a tree trunk was cut off at the requisite height, and the top shaped into a man's head and neck; the face was carved and painted with vermilion and blue. A yellow fillet round the head supported three feathers; an old blanket was draped round the figure, and an embroidered ballet bag, adorned with beads, rings, and tassels, hung over the shoulder; a tin pot for drinking was tied about the waist, and an old plate lay near the feet. A hideous heathen idol.

We hunted the Montagne de Poil for three days, and although we saw a few wapiti tracks, we did nothing. There was much Indian (Sioux) sign about, so we determined to move down towards the Pembina River. George, our cook, has been ill, but I hope he is now better. In the afternoon we came across fresh elk (wapiti) tracks—three kinds—and followed them some distance into a thick oak copse. Jean thought it would be useless to go on with them, as it was getting dusk, so we determined to leave them till the following morning. Accordingly, before daylight, the morning being very cold with a sharp frost, we made a wide cast round the oak wood, found the wapiti were still there and then, venturing nearer to leeward, we got their tracks where they had been feeding outside during the night; dismounting we left Ally with the horses, and cautiously took the trail where they had re-entered the wood. The wind had been light and variable; now, however, there was a steady but very light air from the eastward. The American elk, or wapiti (*cervus canadensis*) is a very shy animal, rarely leaving thick cover, when the sun is up; shortly after sunrise, they return to make their lair, in the thickest part of the forest, then, they invariably go down-wind and facing round, lie down with their head to the wind, facing their tracks. This morning, however, the frequent change of the wind had made the wapiti uneasy, and we followed their tracks, step by step, taking the utmost care to avoid noise, as the crash of a dry stick under-foot, on so still a morning, would have been fatal, each little bush and bough carefully opened with our hands, to avoid our clothes rustling the leaves. We found where the wapiti had lain down twice, and moved again; the underwood got thicker and thicker, so I carefully slipped off my shoes, to be sure of making no noise. After creeping in this manner for an hour, in perfect silence, Jean separating some boughs, stooped low and pointed, his face grinning with excitement, and there just visible through the trees was a hind wapiti's head full facing us, but the eyes were shut; she was actually caught napping. Bang went my rifle and the head disappeared, she was not twenty yards from me, and with a crash up sprung the other two from where they were lying; one went right off—as I could hear, but could not see, the underwood being thick and the tree trunks close together—but the other, I suppose, seeing nothing, stood still. We could only see her flank, "Tire la," whispered Jean, "On vous va la crever plus." So I let her have the left barrel; down she came, but getting up made off. We ran up and found the leaves all splattered with blood. So glancing at the first one I had shot, which was stone dead, we went for our horses, which Ally brought quickly up, having heard the shots. Mounting, Jean took the tracks, saying he thought the wounded one would not go far. There was blood on the leaves for the first mile or two, then it stopped, and though we followed the trail, she was never out of a walk, for six miles. We never got her, and as we could only follow slowly—the ground being bad for tracking—we had to give her up, and returned to camp up the dead one; and slinging the meat, skin, etc., on our three horses, returned to camp. It was a wonderful stalk of Jean's. Next day, being Sunday, we rested. Villeneuve amused us—sitting round the camp fire—with the following story. He said, in the winter, he was sent by the Hudson's Bay Officer, at Edmonton, with a party, one of whom was an Iroquois, to accompany a Roman Catholic

Priest, travelling to another fort. Bad weather overtook them, and they ran short of provisions. Villeneuve was then a boy some sixteen years old. At last, when quite starving, they came on an Indian camp, only to find the Indians also without food. After much bargaining, they bought a horse from the Indians, but directly it was slaughtered, every one—Indians and all—rushing in, seized what they could, and devouring; it was, in two minutes there was nothing left. Here they stayed two days, hoping that the Indians would kill game; nothing, however, was obtained, and Villeneuve taking his two dogs, and the sled entrusted to his care, which contained the Priest's Service for the Mass, without saying a word to anyone, started by himself one night, his only provision, consisting of some tea, to try to make his way to the fort. He was frightened lest the Indians, driven mad with hunger, might kill him and eat him. He travelled slowly on, and the second night when camped, and feeling the starving dogs with strips of buffalo hide,—which formed a part of their harness—he was suddenly joined by the Indians. Now there is a saying among the half-breeds, "Never, when fasting, travel with the Indians, or they will eat you." So he was much alarmed. "Brother," said the Indians, "I will not die with the others, I have come to join my lot with yours." "Well, Brother," said Villeneuve, "we must do our best." Another day they travelled on; twice did the Indians stop behind with his dogs. He had brought his two dogs and sled with him, the second time he returned with only one dog. "What have you done with your dog, brother?" said Villeneuve. "He had to be left," was the Indians' sullen rejoinder.

Villeneuve that night shot the other side of the fire, with his hatchet close beside him. The next day the same thing occurred, and the Indians' sled was left behind. The fifth night, Villeneuve heard his dogs growl as they crouched beside him, and, springing up, found the Indians on his hands and knees, glaring at him. "Time to start, brother?" said Villeneuve, hardly knowing what to say. "Yes," growled the Indians. They staggered on, and, when daylight came, saw Indians ahead. Villeneuve tried to go faster, but, he was so weak, he kept falling down. He thought he was shouting at the top of his voice, but the Indians afterwards told him he did not utter a sound, but staggered on with his mouth open. The Indians took care of them, and fed them; much against their inclination, giving them very little at a time, and they reached the fort in time to send a party to the assistance of the others, who, though much reduced had been able to exist, by the Indians with whom they stayed, having killed game, and given them some. "*Je n'ai guère pu manger cette fois-ci, dit-il, mais, voyez avec ses chiens que je fais,*" concluded Villeneuve. "I certainly mean to take his advice."

We moved, on Monday, into a large wooded lay, bounded by the Pembina River on three sides, and, in the evening, hunted the western side. We found much deer and rabbit tracks, but not fresh. The Pembina River, like the other streams we have seen, runs in a valley it has evidently cut for itself. This valley varies in breadth from one to two miles, the river itself not being more than twenty yards across, now; but, when the snow melts, of course it is very much larger.

The valley is more or less thickly wooded throughout the north, extending up and beyond the banks into the prairie for a distance of from one to six miles. The banks are cut by gullies and ravines, usually well-timbered, at the bottoms of which beautifully clear streams run down to join the river. These are the favourite drinking places of the deer. As we cautiously advanced to one of these ravines, we saw feeding on the opposite side, near the bottom, a stag of the mule-deer, or black-tailed species, about a hundred and eighty yards off. Drawing back, I dismounted, crept up to the edge, and seeing no way of getting nearer, knelt and fired and hit him. Another stag now made its appearance from below; I fired again and hit him. They were slumbering exceedingly awkwardly to kill, with their sterno towards me. Running down, I found both of them lying down, but had to shoot again to finish them. They were young stags of the mule-deer (*Ovis montanus*) commonly called in the west, black-tail deer, or in common with the Virginian deer, jumping deer. In colour, at certain seasons, it somewhat resembles the Virginian deer, changing a bluish mouse colour in autumn; but the tail is black and they are larger. When they are found in small patches of cover, with any extent of open prairie round, they may be readily galloped down, and shot, if the hunter is well mounted; from the distance they found, when alarmed, it is impossible to track them, unless there is snow on the ground. We hunted this ground for two days, and saw a good many mule-deer, but I would not kill any more, having plenty of meat, and seeing no better heads than I had obtained. One stood curiously watching us, not two hundred yards off; he made such a pretty picture, standing amongst some oak trees, whose leaves had turned the most brilliant colours. At last, perch went the little tail, and off he went into the forest, followed by some others, we had not seen.

We saw ten mule-deer that day, and the next day saw two. One had a fine head, and, as he had seen us, and was making off, out of shot, we tried to gallop him, the ground being fairly open, but although we gained on him considerably, he got into thick cover and out of sight, before I could get a shot. However, the gallop was enjoyable. Next day, we resolved to try a big ravine on the other side of the river, and, finding a ford crossed, and worked the most beautiful ground carefully up wind. Crossing the ravine, we had hardly commenced to search an oak copse, when we saw fresh elk tracks. A freshly-nipped twig or two showed us that little time had elapsed since the stag had been there. Quietly dismounting, and leaving Ally with the horses, we silently followed the tracks, but had hardly gone twenty yards when, with a tremendous crash, we heard the stag go off. He had jumped up not fifteen yards off, but, the underwood was so thick, we saw nothing but a glimpse of something dark. I fired a snap shot without effect, a tree stopping my bullet. "A cheval," said Jean, and running to the horses,



BLACK BEAR OR MUSQUAW.

we jumped on, and, following Jean, raced round the cover. Never have I gone so fast over such ground. An open glade of some size lay on the other side, and there was the magnificent beast, going across it, about 200 yards off. Pulling short up, I jumped off and fired. That sent the bullet into the elk, but as he went up he got again, and gulped another hundred yards—we had the inside of the line the elk was taking—jumped off again, and, taking aim, my rifle-sight making horrible circles round the beast, I pulled again. Harrah! that stopped him! His shoulder's broken. Off raced Jean and I on foot, leading as I ran, and, coming over the little ridge of brushwood, just where the thick forest commenced again, lost sight of him. Jean looked hurriedly round to pick up his trail, while I ran on a few yards. "Who-whoop," there he lay, the splendid fellow, in his last struggle. Jean threw what he called his hat in the air, and whooped, and shouted, and rushing up to me, patted me on the back, in his delight. He was a stag royal, twelve points, and quite perfect. One bullet hit him in the body, a little too far back, the other broke his shoulder and forearm. He measured about fifteen two at the shoulder, taller than the horses we were riding that day, and had most magnificent antlers. Then looking at him, came the quail that always troubles me, regret that the noble beast, ten minutes ago, so full of life, power, and grace, lies there a motionless carcass: and yet feeling elated, at having got the animal, one has worked hard for. After skinning him, and cutting him up, and burning some powder round, started back, and arrived late at camp, great was the delight of our men, on hearing we had killed a stag wapiti, completing the list of all animals inhabiting these latitudes.

Next morning Jean went off—with Johnny and a cart—to bring the stag home, and we hunted in the evening without success. Jean got a nasty fall, his horse, "The Plug," putting both his fore feet in a tender hole whilst galloping, fortunately he was not hurt. The weather has turned very cold, and the whole landscape is assuming its winter appearance: the leaves have fallen, and it snowed hard as we returned to camp—in the teeth of a strong N.W. wind—and found a comfortable log fire in a well-sheltered position. Next day we started back to Fort Garry, hunting some ravens on our way without success. On the Pembina River we missed the summer duck (*me spouse*), and on the adjoining prairies shot the ruffed grouse (*hemlock snickers*). Whilst camped at noon, met two engineers, who had been on a survey by Dry-dance Hill: they were on their way to Fort Garry.

Jean now asked leave to return to see his father, who was ill when we left. He promised to rejoin me on my arrival at Fort Garry. It was pleasant to see how, out of the little presents I gave, he put aside what he considered the best for his old father. George is still, I am sorry to say, suffering. Camped by a squatter's house, a Mr. Bousy, who was most kind, giving me as much oats as I liked for the horses. Left him some venison.

Friday, Oct. 5th, arrived at Tobacco Creek, where we camped. The country quite beautiful on today's march—part of it more like an English park, with its oak covers and wide stretches of grass, than anything we have seen. Many settlers' houses are dotted about.

Next day, Oct. 8th, started to Scratchling River. I was ahead with Ally, amusing myself with shooting grouse and duck, when Villeneuve rode up to say, George was so ill, he could go no further. We went back at once to the carts, and found the poor fellow, lying beside the trail, in great pain. Ally and I rode back to Tobacco Creek and hired a man with a horse and buggy—or four-wheel dog cart—to take him on to Scratchling River, where I could get a doctor; but on getting him in he said he could not endure the jolting, and begged to be taken back to the house at Tobacco Creek. So I paid the man to take care of George till he was fit to travel, and then to drive him in a buggy to Scratchling Creek, where I promised to make arrangements to forward him to his home in Winnipeg. So, reluctantly, we bid him good bye. Poor fellow, he was very low, but thanked us warmly for making arrangements for him. I think we arranged for the best, as he could not travel, and would be far better in a house than enduring what would be to a sick man—the miseries of a camp. Still we feel leaving him. Killed a good many ducks and some pinnated grouse on the way to Scratchling River, which we reached after dark. There was no wood, so telling Villeneuve and Johnny to water our tired horses, Ally and I walked up to a house to ask for a little fire-wood, and were refused. Alas for the difference between the open-handed hospitality of the Indian or half-breed on the plains—and the white man in the settlement. As our men truly said, "A heathen Indian would have been ashamed to have done such a thing." However, we tried another house—Irish people this time—they asked us in, and then showing us their wood pile bid us take what we wanted and welcome. I made arrangements the following morning with the keeper of a small inn, to forward George on. On his arrival here, October 7th—having the steamer South leaves Fort Garry on Wednesday, we pushed on at noon, camping by a half-breed's house. He sold us a bag of oats, the grass about here being scanty for the horses. The "Jen" would hardly eat them. The half-breed very kindly brought us a lot of firewood without being even asked. Our stores have lasted us well, sugar being the only thing we have run out of, and that only the last week. We have quantities of pemmican left. Having killed so much game we had no occasion to use it. It is a most capital thing to take travelling, as it does not spoil, and is very much nicer than preserved meat. It is made by the Indians and half-breeds of buffalo meat, but I hear moose pemmican is still better.

Saturday, Oct. 9th.—Started early. Our men dressed the carts out with all the skins and heads and horns; they were literally covered with trophies; and with our little English flag flying, our train makes quite an appearance. Crossing Stinking River, by a bridge, and the Assiniboine on a pontoon, we entered

Fort Garry, at 4 p.m., our carts, with their adornments, making a great sensation. We were cordially welcomed by Mr. McTavish, the officer in charge of Fort Garry, and were talking to him, when an excited little individual, in a silk hat, rushed up to me, saying, "Where have you been? Where have you been?" "Out West," I answered, and went on talking to Mr. McTavish. Still the little party continued, so I said again, "Just out West," and left him. I then asked who he was, and McTavish laughed and told me he was Cook, the excision man's son, who had come up on a tour (I presume, self-conducted), to Winnipeg. We sent Mr. Grahame and McTavish each a bunch of elk, which were much appreciated. Jean now rejoined us. Four lodges had found his father dead on his return. He evidently felt it much. I kept him on, to assist me in cleaning guns, rifles, etc., and packing. He is a very nice young fellow, besides being a brilliant trader. The Hudson's Bay officers were kindness itself, undertaking the packing and forwarding of all our skins, heads, etc., and putting our horses up for the night in the Hudson's Bay stables.

They all say they have never known any one to get such a lag, even in double the time. We got up at the hotel, but cannot sleep comfortably, the air in the house seemed so confined and close. Next day saw Mr. Grahame, who, as before, was most kind and thoughtful. Enjoyed all day packing for our return journey, and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Grahame. Mackay bought two of my horses, and I let Jean Valie have the other—the little Sioux, whom he had taken a great fancy to—except McKay was much pleased at my success, and, by my telling him I was well satisfied with the horses, etc., he had provided me with.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14th.—We called on the Governor—Morrison—finding Mrs. Morrison at home, and embarked on board the "International" steamer, at 6 p.m. Mr. Grahame, Mr. McTavish, and Mr. Smith, kindly coming down to see us off, and wish us a safe journey home.

Mr. Grahame telegraphed to the H.B. office at Montreal, to secure us a cabin on board the Allan Line steamer sailing from Quebec on the 20th. The captain of the "International" did his utmost to make us comfortable. Landed at Fisher's Landing, Oct. 13th, at 3.00 p.m.; and, taking the train, arrived at Bramard at 6 a.m., on the 14th. Here we had to stop, there being no train till next day, so went to the Episcopal Church for service, identical with our own. Left Bramard on the 15th, at 6 a.m., and arrived at St. Paul, 5.20, the same day. Leaving there at 7.30, we arrived at Chicago, at 6 p.m., on the 16th. After a walk through the town, and dinner at the Palmer Hotel—the most magnificent hotel I have ever seen, we started again at 9 p.m., and arrived at Montreal, Oct. 18th, at 8 a.m. Resting here till next evening, we took boat at 6 p.m., on the 19th.

We arrived at Quebec, at 6 a.m., the 20th, and embarked on board the "Mercurius," Capt. Grahame, bound for Liverpool, where we arrived Oct. 29th, at 6 p.m., having had a heavy gale at our heels nearly the whole way across; making the following runs:—

Noon, 21st.—828 Miles	
" 22nd.—297 "	
" 23rd.—298 "	
" 24th.—238 "	
" 25th.—320 "	
" 26th.—261 "	
" 27th.—310 "	
" 28th.—312 "	
" 29th.—227, arriving at 6 p.m.	

Thus arriving in England, from Fort Garry, in exactly nineteen days.

Leaving Liverpool next morning, we got safely home at half-past Ten a.m.

NOTE.

* The Gopher is the *Leopard Marmot*, or *Hood's Marmot*.

LIST OF GAME BAGGED, 1877.

Buffalo (Bison)	4	<i>Bos Americanus</i>
American Elk (Wapiti)	2	<i>Cervus Canadensis</i>
Moose (Identical with European Elk)	1	<i>Alce Americana</i>
Antelope (Prong-horn)	5	<i>Antilocapra Americana</i>
Virginian Deer	2	<i>Capreolus Virginianus</i>
Male Deer	2	<i>Capreolus Macrotis</i>
Beaver (Musquaw)	1	<i>Ursus Americanus</i>
Ducks	76	
Grouse	9	
Birds	1	
Skunk	1	
Pigeons	10	
Snipe	2	
Yellow-legged Stilts	7	

JOURNAL, 1878.

JUNE 1st.—Left Liverpool, in Cunard steamer, "Bothnia," and met on board Count and Countess Von Rosen. He was in the Swedish Navy, and has now an appointment at the Swedish Court; and knew many of my old friends who had been in our service, learning their duties. He was excessively pleasant, and full of anecdote. Amongst others, he told us the following authentic ghost story. At the Palace, at Stockholm, one night, whilst sitting up late with the King Oscar, they heard overhead, in a room which had been occupied by the late King, and was then kept closed, all the furniture, &c., in it being left exactly as he used it, a footstep, pacing backwards and forwards. The step was perfectly distinct, and the King at once enquired how it was the room was open; and directed Count Von Rosen at once to go up, and enquire who was using the room. Count Von Rosen found the door locked, and no noise that he could hear, on coming to the door. He returned to the King, and the step immediately recommenced, backwards and forwards, exactly as the late King had been in the habit of pacing his room. King Oscar started up, and desired that the key of the room might be brought to him; and, accompanied by the Count, ascended. The door was unlocked, and, although they searched the room, no one was there. Much puzzled, they descended again, and the pacing footstep recommenced. Unable to explain it, the King happened to ring for his valet, when the man appeared with a swollen face from a bad toothache, for which he apologised, saying he had been walking up and down his room, unable to sleep. His room was next to the late King's room, and, whenever he heard anyone moving on the stairs, he had stopped, to listen if he was rung for. A little laudanum laid the ghost!

JUNE 2nd.—We landed at Queenstown, and had the pleasure of meeting Lieutenant Neilson (an old shipmate), on board the "Revenge." We had an average passage across, and landed, on the 11th, at New York. The town was a disappointment, but the entrance is pretty, and the harbour good. The streets are broad, but badly paved: the Central Park well-laid-out and well-kept, but the trees are quite young. It is curious the craving which most Americans seem possessed with, that a stranger should admire their towns, and, in fact, everything, and consider it finer than any other part of the world. Even out West, when passing half-a-dozen fields, that suddenly appeared, after passing through miles of un-cleared land, I have been asked, by a Western man, whether it was not a sight of cultivation to surprise me, and that he "halkilated" I would have to go a long way, in the old country, without seeing a sight like that! Fortunately, with perfect truth, I was able to answer the question in the affirmative, and my friend left me, quite happy. I have also found funny ideas about our English pronunciation, and have been told, as a compliment, that I spoke very pure English, with no British accent, as I pronounced all my "h's." We met, in a train, on our way to Chicago, a young Englishman, who had come out, as a young married man, with his wife, two years ago. He knew no one, but had managed to obtain a situation, as clerk, in a large house. He said that he had not been there a fortnight, before he told his wife that, if he lived, and kept his health, he would be the senior clerk in the establishment, before two years were out. He said there was an absence of plodding amongst the clerks—anyhow, he kept his word, and he told me he was now doing very well indeed.

From New York, we went up the Hudson River to Albany, by steamer. The scenery lovely—much reminding us of a Norwegian fiord. Thence by Buffalo, Chicago, and St. Paul, to Fisher's Landing, where we had the old pretty camp down the Red Lake River. We were as much struck as ever by the beauty of the foliage, at night lit up by the two large bow lights, the river being hardly fifteen yards wider than the boat, and thickly timbered to the water. Mr. Grahame, the Chief Commissioner, we found absent, on a tour to some of the north-west forts; but Mr. McTearish was most kind and civil, and found for us a Mr. Thomas McKay, living at Prince Albert, who happened to be down with a freight of train carts. This McKay has undertaken to get our train together, and accompany us, as guide, as far as Edmonton. I got four saddle horses—two from Montana, one called "Prince," and the other "Charlie," the former very good looking, a chestnut, with white star and white legs. I also got my old buffalo runner, "The Jew," James McKay kindly letting me have him back for the price I sold him for, also a gray named "Moonshine," a horse I literally bought in the dark, getting him from a half-breed, after sunset, who entreated me to buy him, as his daughter was dead, and he had no money for the funeral, which was to take place next day. I heard, next day, from the Hudson Bay Co. the story was perfectly true.

On Saturday, June 29th, we started from Winnipeg, after a tremendous thunderstorm, which made the rich Manitoba soil extremely unpleasant to ride through. We were accompanied by a Mr. Hope, who, with two other Englishmen—Messrs. Elliot and Macdowell—is bound west, on a trip to the Riding Mountains, about a hundred miles from here. Our train had started ahead of us in charge of McKay, but the trail being very bad, we rode across the open prairie to Silver Heights, where Mr. Smith, late Chief Commissioner, of H.B. Co., had kindly invited us to an early dinner, at his pretty little house; on our way, calling at James McKay's, to wish him "good-bye." He was unable to assist us as he had last year, being only just recovering from a severe attack of rheumatic fever.

Our party were to camp at St. Xavier's Church, about fifteen miles out, and so I started off, hoping to get up to it in about an hour and a half, but, as we neared the Church, it was evident that a repetition of the morning's thunderstorm was imminent, and, not seeing our camp in any direction, we bolted into a house close to the Church, just as the first large drops were falling and put our horses in the stable, our demand for shelter being at once kindly acceded to. The house belonged to an Order of Sisters of Charity, called "Les Sœurs Grises." They were most kind, and not only gave us shelter, but a most capital tea. Meanwhile a most heavy thunderstorm was raging, and, in the middle of it, a girl came running in, saying she had been sent to summon the priest, who lived close by, a holy, or buffalo skin tent, had been struck by the lightning, and, of its occupants, a woman was killed on the spot, and a man much hurt. These heavy thunderstorms are very frequent during the summer, in the Province of Manitoba, and do much damage. I have never seen them so severe on the high prairie lands to the west of it. After the storm was over, I sent a man out for tidings of our people, but with no success, but, here-and-there, McKay appeared, absolutely soaking, and in much anxiety that Alice had got wet in the downpour. He said the horses were "played out" in the heavy ground and mud, and had stopped about five miles off. I told him to move up in the morning, and decided, with much pleasure, to accept the Sœurs Grises' kind invitation to stop with them for the night; and they made us most comfortable. This Order of Sisters of Charity has missions far out in the North-west, one of them on the Mackenzie River. I have heard from the half-breeds that they do much good, both amongst them and also amongst the Indians. They complained, and, I think, with justice, of the Missionaries, both of our Church as well as the Methodists, coming to places where the Sisters have been working, and telling the Indians that what they have been taught is all wrong, that they must worship according to the Protestant doctrines, or their Christianity will not avail them. So the Red Men, seeing that their white brothers are at variance, not knowing whom to believe, end, naturally, in believing nothing. Surely, to have converted the Pagan Indians to Christianity, ought to be enough to make our Missionaries give those who have borne the burden and heat of the day their honest and hearty support, remembering the words, "Forbid him not: for he that is not against us, is for us."

June 30th.—After breakfast in the Sisters' little Refectory, we went, the Mass being over, to hear the sermon at St. Xavier's, and a very good one it was, given in French to a large congregation of half-breeds. The priest said: "You all wish to go to heaven, and there you do well. But, it is not enough. You wish to go a journey to such a place, and you think it over, but you don't stop there. You put 'yourself on the way. *Kâ' Bwa*, it is the same thing with heaven. You not only must wish to go 'there, but you must put yourself and keep on the road; and by God's mercy, you will arrive." A most apt illustration to a nation of royauteurs, as the half-breeds are.

We joined our camp, after reading our service, up came Hope, Elliot, and Macdowell, with their cart, and camped near us, which was pleasant.

We heard, afterwards, of Messrs. Hope, Elliot, and Macdowell. Their trip proved unfortunate. Hope was thrown from his horse, I believe, the day after we left St. Xavier's, and broke his arm. The party returned, and Elliot then fell at Montreal, and broke his arm. Macdowell, fortunately, did not fall (so far as we heard) anywhere, and so escaped to England with whole bones.

Monday, July 1st.—Started at daylight, and, travelling fast, left the other party, and halted, near the Assiniboine, for our mid-day rest. Our party consists of Alice and I; Thomas McKay, our guide; John Macbeth, a young Scotchman; Tom Spence, an Indian; and Le Vieux Charlot, a French half-breed, the cook—but who, I am afraid, will not suit us—four saddle horses, for Alice and myself; and ten cart



JOHN MACBETH.

horses, including a foal, of which wonderful animal more anon; one light covered wagon, two Red River carts, and McKay's backboard, a light kind of four-wheeled gig. We camped, for the night, near High Bluffs, about seven miles from Portage la Prairie.

JULY 2ND.—A cool morning, after a slight thunderstorm in the night. McKay drove round by the Portage, to see if any letters had arrived for us by the last English mail. He joined us at noon. We had undauntedly to go straight across the prairie to Westbourne, but settlers had taken up the ground, and fenced it in to such an extent, that we were perpetually going round "snake" fences, which much retarded us. We passed through the little settlement of Westbourne, looking cool and pretty, in the evening, with its trees growing close down to the edge of the river, and camped at Salt Springs for the night. We kept a sharp look-out on our horses, McKay saying, what is quite my opinion, that the nearer one is to civilization, the more likely one is to have one's horses stolen. Nevertheless, in the morning, one horse was gone. Sent the Indian back to track it up, and passed through a wooded tract of country, with occasionally small farms and land newly taken up. Just before we were halting, at noon, we heard a horse neigh, and, riding up, found the missing animal still hobbled, but the hobbles were tied in a different knot to that which they had been fastened the night before. Somebody, I presume, had only "borrowed" the animal. A large fly, called the "bull-dog," was most virulent on our poor horses, nearly sending them frantic, and covering them with streaks of blood. The foal alone was partially protected by its thick woolly coat. This little beast, then three days old, started from Fort Carlton, May 8th; arrived at Fort Garry, June 23rd, 555 miles. Thence, it has now started with us to go to Fort Ellis (if ever it arrives), another 210 miles. At starting, it had a bad bite in the flank from a dog. This is now healed up, leaving only a large scar. Our horses could neither feed nor rest, except in the smoke of fires made for them; and the mosquitoes commenced before the bulldogs had retired for the night. This is not fair-play, for bulldogs' time ought to be from 10 a.m. to an hour before sunset; mosquitoes, from sunset to 1 a.m. However, to-day, they cheated us entirely out of the peaceful interregnum. Camped on Riding Mountain. Our day's journey, about 40 miles.

JULY 3TH.—A pleasant day; few bulldogs—tired out, I fancy, by their exertions yesterday. Halted at noon, by the little Saskatchewan River—i.e., "little rapid current river." After halting, Alice and I drove in the wagon till about 4.30 p.m., but found it more fatiguing than riding. We camped at the junction of the Pine Creek trail. Here, Le Vieux Charlot said that our travelling was too hard and too fast for human endurance, and that, if he continued at that rate, it would kill him. I let him return to Fort Garry, with a train of carts that we met, and was truly thankful. I have met many clever men, but I think he is the cleverest. Engaged as a cook, he has done nothing since we started, having succeeded in getting somebody else to do everything for him; and, yesterday, having McKay busy getting wood for the fire, Spence getting water, and Macbeth getting the kettle, he succeeded in getting Alice and myself to take the provisions out of the box. John Macbeth volunteers to cook for us, and, somehow, I feel, we do not miss Le Vieux Charlot. I may also mention, he had no idea of lighting a fire without paper.

JULY 4TH.—We passed the Mounted Police Station, at Shoal Lake, about noon. Here, all trains are searched for liquor, which is not allowed in the North-west Territory. We have observed two kinds of marmot this year—the leopard or Hood's marmot, and another, a little longer, of a yellowish colour, whose tail is shorter, with a tuft at the end, which he jerks continually about. They are very tame. One we caught, which I intended to kill and skin, was so very confidential and at his ease, that I had to let him go again. He did not run away when liberated, but just dodged about the camp, gratifying his curiosity as to what we ate, what our dishes were made of, and what ten leaves tasted like. I shot a teal and a prairie grouse. We camped at Bird Tail Creek. After camping, had a thunderstorm.

JULY 5TH.—We arrived at Fort Ellis about 11, and met a quantity of Sautoux Indians, headed by their Chief, in a scarlet and gold-braided coat, a pair of moccasins and leggings, and a wide-awake. They were going to the Fort to receive their annuity from Government. He—the Chief—rejoices in the charming sobriquet of "The Murderer," from some little episode in his history. Mr. McDonald, the officer in charge, was away. We crossed the Qu' Appelle River, and camped on a beautiful level bit of prairie, called Beautiful Plain, by the second of three wooded springs, that rising on the edge of the plain, run into the Qu' Appelle Valley.

SUNDAY, 7TH OF JULY.—We rested. McKay and Macbeth joined us at service, and Spence went back to Fort Ellis, to spend the day with his family; where also we left the foal, none the worse for its journey. Another thunderstorm in the afternoon.

MONDAY, 8TH OF JULY.—Passed many trains of carts, with horses and oxen, taking stores up to the North-west Forts; and, whilst crossing Wolverine Creek, saw a mule-deer in the distance; but it had got into thick cover, before I could get near it. The country through which we were passing is exceedingly pretty—undulating, park-like ground, with numerous large and small covers, composed of birch and white poplar, with many lakes and ponds. It ought to be good hunting ground, yet, although I rode off the trail for some distance, to look for tracks of large game, I found none; and only started a red fox. I suppose the trail is too much used, for game to harbour in its vicinity. Passed another train at Out Arm Creek, and camped east of Pheasant Creek.

JULY 9TH.—The country more open, but timber could be seen at long distances. Nothing like the extensive prairies of the great plain of the Souris, through which we passed last year. From a train going westward, I got a chestnut horse (in a trade, for "Charlie," who I find not up to the journey. I named the horse "Pheasant.")

We travelled over the File Hills, wooded undulating ground with lightish soil, and reached the Touchwood Hall Post on July 11th. We camped on the Touchwood Hills, at a camp we named "Broken Rest." The trail, during the past two days, very bad and lilly. At 11.30 p.m., when all were asleep, a most severe thunderstorm set in, preceded by so furious a gust of wind, that it smashed our tent pole, bringing the whole of the canvas about our ears. Torrents of rain immediately followed. Alice and I, were fast asleep, when we were awakened by the uproar of flapping canvas. I jumped up, to secure the tent door, but too late. Creek went the rear pole! and down it all came. By the light of the vivid flashes of lightning, we managed to get two or three blankets under a waterproof, and crouched on them, huddling on to the tent at the same time, to prevent the whole thing being blown bodily away. The canvas rested on our heads, and kept the floods of rain from lodging immediately on us. As we endeavoured to collect our valuables, and push them underneath the blanket, where I had, fortunately, secured my rifle and watch, the comical view of the situation struck us, and we laughed until we cried again. In about half-an-hour, the wind abated, and, getting the broken pole and ridge pole, I raised the canvas above us on a tripod. This improved our position, as the wet canvas no longer rested on our heads. Then the rain ceased, and I hailed our men. McKay and Macbeth had their tent blown down, but, it being only three feet high, one had managed to get it up again, whilst the other held the foot to the ground. Spence alone came off scot-free, he having, as usual, made an habitation for himself, by tying my spare tent up to the cart wheels, and laying himself on all the loose canvas; so, unless the wind carried both him and the cart away, his house was a fixture. The ground around was a pool of water, except the island made by our waterproofs, about four foot square. On this, however, we managed to sleep very soundly till morning, which was, fortunately, sunny and fine. We enjoyed a good laugh over everybody's account of their night's experiences.

Passed a Sautoux Lodge, and the chief, called the "poor or lean man," came to speak to us; and, in the afternoon, met Mr. McDonald from Fort Ellis. He kindly let me have a good horse from his train. We named him "Qu' Appelle." We camped on the edge of the Great Salt Plain; after a charming ride through the most lovely country, undulating, and prettily timbered, with groups of clear lakes, studded with thickly wooded islands, and, now and then, long green glades, stretching far back from the trail.

JULY 13TH.—All day travelling, over the Great Salt Plain, on which are numerous lakes, all totally unfit for drinking, so strongly are they impregnated with alkali. The grass on this plain is thin and scanty; and we noticed the absence of the numberless flowers, which usually make the prairie so lovely. An effluence of alkali is visible wherever the ground is bare of grass. Making a forced march of 85 miles, we halted where McKay expected to get fresh water for our thirsty horses and ourselves. But, alas! it was nearly dried up, and the little left so full of alkali as to be almost undrinkable. Resting an hour, we pushed on, and tried another lake, about ten miles further on. The water nearly as bad as before. Now, however, we were thirsty enough to drink it, mixed with lemon sugar, and brandy. This water was thick, of a green colour, not unlike green pea soup. A little before sunset, however, we were thankful to find good water in a swamp—really good water, with a few insects in it, and no taste of anything, but the weeds. No grass or weeds will grow in the real alkali lakes, though a little does in the brackish ones. The alkali water drunk by the horses, has had a strong purgative effect on them.

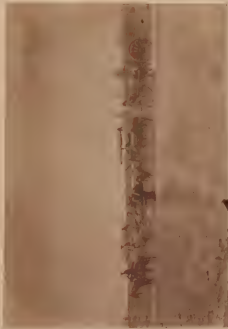
SUNDAY, JULY 14TH.—McKay went on early to Carlton. He wishes to go to Prince Albert, and rejoin us at the Fort, with fresh horses. In the evening, some traders, who have a store near Duck Lake, camped near us, only eight days from Fort Garry; but they have only a light waggon, and their horses and mules look much dejected.

JULY 15TH.—We passed the line of telegraph to Battleford, the present seat of Government in the North-west Territory. Escaped a heavy thunderstorm, or, rather, only getting the tail of it, which thoroughly drenched us. The water along the trail was scarce and bad. Whenever there is drinking water near the trail one sees a piece of wood stuck upright, with directions written by some kind person such as, "L'eau, nord, 2 miles." Travelling as fast as we do, we have experienced no real privation of water, but trains with bullocks, must suffer severely. Across the Alkali, or Great Salt Plains, it is usual for trains of carts with bullocks to travel at night, the animals not feeling the want of water so acutely as when travelling in the heat of the sun.

We passed, the following day, a large salt lake, the water of so reddish a tinge, that, in the sunlight, it had the curious effect of a pink lake; near it is the spring of the great Medicine Elk. Here, numerous rags of cloth, ends of tobacco, broken pipes and other Indian valuables, are scattered about, having been thrown away, or offered to propitiate the huge wapiti, with brass horns, that is said to rise out of the water. In the evening, we arrived at the South branch of the Saskatchewan, and found a surveying party camped across; and, to our surprise, a Mr. Stewart, whom we had met last year, in the Pembina Mountains, came across to see us. From a French half-breed on a small farm, we got fresh buffalo meat, fresh eggs (!!!) and some potatoes. So we feasted. He has also a ferry here, known by his name, "Gabriel's Crossing." On the other side, next day, I got a good looking entire horse, from a buffalo hunter, in whose lodge we had awaited, whilst the horses and carts were crossing, in exchange for "Meoushine," and a hundred dollars. He has very easy action, and Alice likes him better than the gray. We are always much struck with the good manners and courtesy of the Indians and half-breeds, contrasting so strongly with the Colonial and American abominable want of it. We passed a Sioux camp, and went up to the lodges, where, after giving the usual present of tobacco, we had an animated



MR. CLARKE.



conversation in signs, expressive of mutual good-will between the English and Sioux, and equal hatred of the Kutchimukomun, or Long Knives. My binocular glasses created quite a little sensation. These Indians are much finer looking than the Santeux, but were not so well-equipped with American arms and blankets, as the men of Sitting Bull's band, that we met last year. Camped by Duck Lake, where I tried to get some duck, but failed, the reeds being so thick, I could recover none, that I had shot. I fear these Sioux will be a great trouble in the North-west. After the massacre of whites in Dacotah, (a massacre brought on entirely, in my opinion, by the inhuman conduct of the Americans, it being not a solitary instance where Indians were poisoned in drink offered to them—to kill a *Suck* Indian, or a wolf, by any means, considered equally meritorious), this remnant fled to British territory, and were protected. The British North American redman, the *Ojib* (by solemn treaty), not the *subject* of Her Majesty the Queen, is promised, by treaties made in Her Majesty's name, in exchange for opening his country for colonization, that he will be fed in times of distress and want, and that he will have yearly a certain sum per head, called treaty money. Well, the Sioux now comes into British territory; warlike and good hunters, they clear up the game that barely sufficed for the Crees and Santeux, the lords of the soil, and want, distress, and famine follow. The Government of Canada are seemingly averse to expense, *i.e.*, keeping treaty obligations solemnly made in Her Majesty's Name. The Indians yet believe "no Englishman tells an untruth," and Queen Victoria's name is a seal of security to them. It is inauspicious to undecieve them.

JULY 18TH.—I woke, feeling very unwell, from the effects of drinking the alkali water, so did not start till late, and then rain commenced. We were thankful to arrive at Fort Carlton, where we were most kindly and hospitably received by Mrs. Clarke. Mr. Clarke—the officer in charge—being away, but returned in the afternoon, having piloted the Hudson Bay Steamer up the south branch of the Saskatchewan, to a point opposite Prince Albert, for the first time, the water being so low in the north branch that it was impossible to navigate it. We found McKay waiting for us, with fresh horses. It rained all day and all night, and we were thankful to have a good roof over us. Yet, although the room was large and airy, and the bed deliciously comfortable, such was the perversity of human nature, we could neither of us sleep. After sleeping in a tent, any room feels close. Mr. Clarke kindly gave us much information about the country near the great Slave and Athabasis Lakes, which we much hope to visit another year. He also lent us an excellent riding horse, and gave me a deer hound, called "Turk," to try at antelope. McKay has engaged a cousin of John Macbeth's named Alexander. Mr. Clarke also gave me much information about the Blackfeet Indians, with whom he had traded a great deal. This powerful and warlike tribe are worshippers of the sun and of fire. A young girl of the tribe is put apart as priestess, and, when she arrives at a certain age, is made acquainted with the mysteries of the fire worship; and has to make a declaration of her having kept the obligations laid on her when set aside for a priestess. This declaration is made, with solemn rites, before the assembled chiefs of the tribe. Should it be falsely made, it is believed destruction of the entire tribe will follow. On one occasion after this solemn ceremony, a young man, who alone knew the girl's declaration had been false, rushed into the Lodge, and declared her guilt, he being horror-struck at the idea of the destruction of the tribe. Both were immediately sacrificed, the girl's father being the first to use the fatal knife. Even here one finds the old worship of Baal.

On the evening of the 19th, we left our kind hosts at Carlton; and, on July 20th, whilst following the North Saskatchewan, saw a band of buffalo, on the opposite side. I determined to cross, and try for them, and, as my horse would have been unable to run, had I sworn him, I settled to try on foot. All hands set to work to make a raft. There being no log trees, our raft had to be small, and, when completed, we found that, when burdened with four people,—Alice and I, McKay and Spencer,—the water line was two inches above the highest log. However, we started, pulling and poling. As the wood got wet, so it got heavier, and so the passengers had to be reduced, McKay jumping out first. Finally, Alice alone sat on the raft, whilst we three kicked and plunged in the water, in the fruitless endeavour to make her head in any direction, but that in which the current carried her. When we thought we were making a little progress, a contrary eddy would sweep us back in mid-stream. A voice now hailed us from the bank, "If you will hold hard a little, I will make you a canoe!" I thanked the owner of the voice very kindly, but, seeing at the moment we could get neither one side nor the other, I could not avail myself of the offer. McKay now began to look done, changing colour, and swallowing water, so I made him climb on the raft again, fortunately, the current now swept us on to a little island, where, after a rest, we towed the raft round, and, after much labour, were successful in reaching the bank from which we had started, at a point two miles higher up. The voice now appeared, and turned out to be a relation of McKay coming back from the plains, and he was busy making a buffalo hide canoe. The buffalo were now out of sight, but I determined to follow them on foot, when the boat was completed. It (the canoe) deserves description. Two green hides were sewn lengthwise together, and stretched over a framework. The stem and the stern posts were made of strong willows bent to shape, and secured by thongs to the square framework. The edges were drawn tight up, and laced with thongs, and the seams were then well greased. The boat thus made, with three people inside, drew no more than four inches of water, and was easily peddled across by Spencer and myself; Alice accompanying us. After walking about four miles, we saw the band of buffalo, by the aid of my glasses, about six miles off; and although, I did not care for stalking a buffalo, it being poor sport after riding them, I determined to try for a shot, and so we

walked on as fast as possible. I saw seven antelope on the way, and we got up to the ridge, where we had seen the buffalo just after sunset. Crawling cautiously up the ridge, I saw two bulls about 400 yards off. There was no getting nearer, so had to wait, though much fearing the quickly-increasing darkness would prevent my obtaining a shot. Presently, to our right, and still further off came stalking slowly nine others—4 bulls, 4 cows, and a calf. There was nothing to do but to lay still and watch them. The leading bull, as his outline showed clear against the red evening sky, we could see was tailless, "pulled off," so said Spence, by the wolves, in his calfhood. Presently, they moved off in Indian file, over the ridge, and jumping up, I ran quickly forward for a shot. Getting to the crest, I levelled my rifle, but their horns were towards me, and it was too dark to see the foresight. I missed the right barrel, but heard the left bullet strike, breaking the hind leg of one of the bulls, for which I was very sorry, as, although he dropped far behind the herd, he went fast enough to entirely preclude any chance of getting him in the dark, and I hate wounding a beast for nothing. After a glance at my compass, to ensure steering straight back, we started off, and soon saw the beacon fire lit by McKay to guide us, and regained the camp at 1 a.m., on Sunday morning, after a most exhausting paddle against the wind, which blew our light boat faster back at times than we could get her ahead.

July 21st, being Sunday, we rested. Quantities of raspberries grow round the camp.

July 22nd.—Spence was taken so ill that we had to stop. The medicine I gave him not seeming to relieve him, he begged for Indian medicine from a camp of the Indians near. A woman came, who gave him something or other with much ceremony, and then a man came, who gave him something else, with more ceremony. Neither preparation, however, seemed to do him much good. On Wednesday, the 24th, Spence getting no better, asked to be sent back to Prince Albert; so arranged with some Indians to take him to the skin boat we had left on the bank of the river, and to paddle him down it. They made an ingenious "travail" behind a raft, to carry him in. I am very sorry to lose him, and he said he was very sorry to go. I gave a sketch of the travail, as it is an excellent plan for carrying a sick person easily. McKay engaged a Cree Indian to take Spence's place. Passed a camp of Cree Indians and camped near the Eagle Hills. There are few buffaloes in the plains, but Indians are in every direction. McKay told me many of the old Indian legends, of which some, evidently traditions of the Deluge, are very curious. This is one—"Ninapus was a great chief; he lived at the time of the great flood, when all living things were drowned, and no more earth remained. He made a big raft, and put on it some of all the animals, but the waters lasted long, so Ninapus sent the musk rat, and told him to dive to the bottom to see how deep it was; and the rat was to bring back some earth to show he had gone to the bottom; but the rat was drowned, the water was too deep! Then Ninapus sent the beaver, and he brought back a little mud on his tail. This Ninapus took, and putting it on a chip made great medicine, and the mud began to increase. Then he sent the plover, with directions to paddle round the edges, and make it firm. This they did, and may now be seen still paddling round holes and lakes not yet filled up. Then he sent the fox to walk round and see how large the land was, and the fox came back and said it was far. So the grey wolf (a species found on the sea-shore) was sent, but he journeyed and journeyed, and still may be seen going on, and never came back, for the journey was so great he has not yet completed his task. Then Ninapus landed with the animals, and he made fat (or grease), and said to the musk rat (the relict, I presume, of the drowned one), "Swim with the grease in the water till it is cool," and he put up a medicine lodge, and told the waterfowl to assemble for a dance, directing them to dance with their eyes shut. Then Ninapus began to twist their necks, but the water hen had kept one eye open, and she cried, "Run, for he twists our necks." And they flew out, which made Ninapus angry, and as the water hen went out of the door of the lodge, he gave her a kick in the rump, which broke it, so the water hen now always flies with her legs hanging down, for her rump was broken by Ninapus. So Ninapus went to the lake, but the rat had broken the bladder of fat amongst the reeds, and the fat was all floating on the water. Ninapus said, "I will give the animals a feast," and he sent for them. The first to come was the rabbit. This made Ninapus angry, and he caught hold of the rabbit, saying, "You are always first for either good or evil," but the rabbit jumped backwards through his hand, though his grip was so firm that he dragged all six feet in front of his shoulders. So no fat is found on the rabbit, except in front of the shoulders to this day."

July 25th.—Passing through the Eagle Hills, I tried to get "Turk" to run a wolf, but he declined with thanks. We passed several camps of Indians, Sautaux, and Cree, all complain of the great scarcity of buffalo. The Sautaux Indians decorate their long black hair by twisting brass wire tightly round a lock on either side of the face, the hair at the back made into a thick mat by being mixed with buffalo hair and grease. Sometimes a fox's tail, or that of a wolf, is plaited into the mass. Three or four dabs of vermilion, a pair of moccasins, a brass bracelet, two eagle's feathers, and half an old blanket, complete the costume. The weather has been intensely hot during the day, but the nights are cool and delicious.

July 26th.—We passed some Indian women and children travelling, all their worldly possessions drawn by two dogs, harnessed in travails. The women said they were living only on the Navaux, the root of the wild turnip. They looked thin, and in want, so we left them a supply of pemmican. Reached Battleford about 10 a.m. It is prettily situated on the banks of Battle River, near where it runs into the North Saskatchewan. There is a council house here, and a council composed of the Governor, Mr. Leland, the Colonel of Police, a Stipendiary Magistrate, and one elected Member, our old friend, Pascal Brelan. The soil is not nearly as good as at Prince Albert, and it is rather too near the roving tribes of

the Sioux to make it a favorite place for settling. We were charmed by an Indian dressed in blanket and a tall black hat, with a cock's feather at the top, and a piece of striped calico tied round it, stalking with immense dignity, and real majesty of manner, fanning himself at each step with an eagle's wing, and followed by his squaw and a child in a dog travai, holding on to the dog's tail. His name I found out from Henry was "Mooseberry." Indians are excessively reluctant to tell their names, and rarely use them in speaking of each other, but say, "The son of such-an-one," or, "the brother of so-and-so!" and a son-in-law will not name or sometimes even speak to his father-in-law, although living in the same lodge with him.

We heard here that the buffalo law, forbidding the killing of these unfortunate animals in close time, has been repealed, there being no possible way of enforcing it. Of vast herds of buffalo that covered these prairies formerly, there now exist but one large herd, hemmed in and hunted by the Indians and half-breeds on every side, till the poor beasts are this year so thin, that no pemican has been made in this district, from the entire absence of fat. Whilst at the elbow of the Saskatchewan, six yearling calves came by our camp at a gallop, evidently having just been run. Of course the Indians near us ran them, but killed only one, it being nearly dark. They could hardly have stopped travelling when they were deserted, in the early morning, by another party of Indians, who at once gave chase, killing four. In this way, the buffalo will soon be extinct, and nothing left but the bones scattered over the whole prairie. Comparatively, a few years back, they could be seen in herds extending farther than the eye could reach—"The herds of the Lord; the cattle on a thousand hills."

JULY 27TH.—Passed through the Wolf Hills, and took a new trail to Edmonton. Found a beautiful clear lake, by which we were on the point of camping, when I luckily sent a man down to taste the water. It was simply brine—the saltiest I ever tasted, save out of a beef cask.

SEPT. 28TH.—Some of the cart horses having had back, we made an ointment of powdered charcoal and buffalo fat, and put it on them.

MONDAY.—The country was more thickly wooded, and water was plentiful. I killed a large crane flying, with my rifle, and saw some fresh buffalo tracks, which we followed, until we lost them on some hard, dry ground. We ate the crane for dinner, and found it much better than wild duck. At 2.30 p.m., mean time of place nearly, observed a partial eclipse of the sun. The sun's diameter was half obscured, and the coolness of the air, and the curious twilight, during the obscuration, was remarkable. We had to travel late to find water.

JULY 30TH.—Saw several herds of antelope, but I have no time to hunt until I reach the mountains. Camped, at night, by the Four Black Foot Hills, so called from four Blackfoot Indians having been killed here, in one of their many wars with the Crees.

JULY 31ST.—Climbing on ahead saw a buffalo bull close on the trail. I had "Frank" saddled, "The Jew" having lamed himself. Alce rode "Prince," McKay got on "Paddy," Macbeth jumped on "Lemon," and Alexander on another horse. I got within 80 yards of the bull before he saw us, and off he went. I made "Frank" go his best pace, and gained quickly. Just as I was closing, the horse shied off to the left, and would not come up to the bull. Down a steep hill went the bull. I followed on "Frank," who had no objection to running behind the bull, but excessively disliked being alongside of him. At last, I had to use my carbine pistol fashion, and off shied "Frank" again. The bull, now lame, afforded us no more sport, but from my horse's hard mouth and awkwardness, I had to fire several shots before he fell dead. He was a very old bull. We camped by a very pretty little lake, evidently a favourite place with the Indians—many old camp fires, lodge poles, and odds and ends of red cloth strewn there.

AUG. 1ST.—Four Cree Indians came to us whilst halted near the Vermillion River, and were duly regaled with tea, and presented with tobacco. Their camp, they said, was about two miles off. They disposed of a gullion of tea, with no apparent difficulty, and took off a badger with them, which I had shot, and gave to them.

Here I may describe the usual manner of meeting and entertaining Indians. When halted for mid-day, suddenly a horseman appears, riding up at a gallop, blanket, feathers, and hair, streaming behind him, his gun, in a fringed moose-skin cover, laying across the horse's shoulders in front of him. Raising short up at the camp, the Indian dismounts, and advances, with right hand extended, to the chief of the party, never, in my experience, mistaking his man. Then, after shaking hands, he squats at the fire, and, lighting his pipe, sits gravely observant, not having uttered a word. Now, I advance, and present him with a quiet observant attitude. When dinner is ready, he receives a share, and, then, any questions asked him about game, &c., he civilly and truthfully answers. He asks no questions, but could tell where the party were going, for what purpose, and where they came from, to the leaves in the soldier's lodge of his tribe that night. In my case, it was reported, (in cases I heard of after,) "That the 'Englishman that shoots' (my Indian name,) had passed, with his *Spoon*, to hunt in the far 'As-shin-watchi, or mountains of stone.'"

AUG. 2ND.—We are now getting into the region of pine trees, of which we saw a good many to-day. The country hilly and woody. "Jennie," our mule, broke a cart axle, so had to trundle early. This same "Jennie" is a most sagacious and experienced animal. She knows exactly how to creep in comfort to herself. She refuses to be driven, but left to herself with her car, follows the train without lagging,

except uphill. But she makes this up, on arrival at the top, for she descends with a gallop. She avoids stones, deep ruts, &c., for her cart, and cannot be induced to go on bad, boggy ground. If allowed to do her work her own way, she does it well and cheerfully, but, if she considers the days work fairly over, and we still go on, somehow, her shaft or cart-axle seems to break; and "Jennie," not the least flustered, stands stock-still till unharnessed. Then she feeds complacently off, looking at her cart as much as to say, "Somehow I thought that would happen." The men say she does it on purpose. She has, this year, travelled 1,900 miles up till now, and looks sleek and fat. When running loose, you never see her trot in the dust raised by the team; but, taking her own line, she takes a nip of any extra fine grass as she goes. I have a great esteem for "Jennie." McKay bought her from some Indians from Cypress Hills, and they said she ran buffalo well. I don't doubt it, if she liked the sport.

Aug. 30th.—The country, to day, was more open. Killed a great crane at 150 yards, with my rifle, and saw many pelican, geese, and ducks. In the evening, water scanty, and a thunder-storm imminent. I galloped off to the left of the track, and fortunately found a rivulet, where we camped.

Sunday, Aug. 1st.—Had a trial who could sleep longest. Alexander Macleth beat the party by twenty-five minutes, which, considering everybody's aptitude for sleep, was no bad work. After sunrise, I looked at the thermometer, which registered 95.

On Monday, got away before sunrise, hoping to reach Fort Saskatchewan, but, owing to the heat, could go but slowly. Ally and I, with McKay, stopped behind the train, under the shade of some poplar trees, and followed up when the sun got low. On the way, dropped a wolf at 200 yards, with my rifle. A heavy thunder-storm now came up, and we got to camp just as the first drops began to fall.

Aug. 6th.—Arrived at Fort Saskatchewan, a Mounted Police Station, where Capt. Guyon kindly gave us breakfast while our carts were crossing the Ferry. After crossing, one of the constables came up, and gave us a present of vegetables and potatoes, and then asked us to "come and see his garden." He was a Kentishman. His name was Taber, and he knew all about Secretnaks and Montreal. He had been in the London police, and said he was doing well out here, the Prohibitioner Liquor Law of this country having been his salvation. His garden was quite a sight. I never saw anything so luxuriant as the growth and size of vegetables, and everything in his well-kept plot of ground of about four acres. He also showed us a giant rye, called the "Rocky Mountain Rye." He said he had with difficulty obtained a little of the seed, the story being that the original seed was found in the crop of a wild goose. The ears are fully four times larger than ordinary rye, and the grain larger in proportion. The Constable kindly promised me an ear of the rye, when ripe, to take home. Camped 24 miles from Fort Edmonton.

Aug. 7th.—Rode over to the Fort. Mr. and Mrs. Hardisty were most kind, and we stayed for dinner with them. The fort is situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. It is surrounded by a high stockade, enclosing about three acres of ground; a square wooden tower, loopholed for musketry, stands at each corner. The stores and other buildings, with the exception of Mr. Hardisty's house, which stands on an eminence near, are inside the stockade. The fort is excessively badly placed, being commanded from almost every direction; but the view from it is quite lovely. At Mr. Hardisty's request Mr. Tait, a Hudson Bay Officer, arrived from Kamloops, British Columbia. He had endeavored to bring 270 horses over the mountains, through the Yellowhead Pass, of which number he had only succeeded in bringing two, but hopes to be able to get through some more. He describes the trail as simply fearful. I decided here to send our riding horses back to Prince Albert with McKay, who now leaves us. Alexander Macleth taking charge of the train under my directions. I am sorry to lose McKay, as he has been very pleasant, and has the knack of making the men work and pull together. He was one of the first settlers at Prince Albert, which has now grown to be quite an agricultural settlement. The soil is rich; in fact, they have everything there except a market for their produce. Battleford, the Government seat, has a poor light soil, and, with the exception of the Mounted Police, and one or two officials, there are very few settlers. They have a Telegraph there, and a Post, whilst Prince Albert has to send 100 miles to the nearest Telegraph Office, and 60 miles to the nearest place where letters can be left. This creates much bitterness between Prince Albert and Battleford, and no settler from Prince Albert can see any good in any one or anything at Battleford. Finding this out, I had much fun with McKay, whilst passing Battleford, by admiring everything about the place. "It is quite a large town, McKay," I said, as we approached. "I had no idea of anything like this in the north-west." "There is nothing at all here, sir," he answered; "if you take away the Government buildings." I then picked out two small stores by the side of the trail, where earlines and plug tobacco might be obtained at ruinous prices, and remarked, "At any rate, when shopkeepers find it worth while to come out, you see the resources of the place must develop." This system of irritation I continued quietly, until he was nearly frantic, and he only found out that I was chaffing, after endeavouring in a lengthy comparison between the advantages of Prince Albert, and the disadvantages of Battleford, to convince me that the whole site and existence of a town at Battleford, was a gigantic mistake. His serious and anxious face made me burst out laughing, which I was sorry for, as I never succeeded in drawing him about Prince Albert again.

Aug. 8th.—I wrote home, and was busy all day, trying to get horses, or rather ponies, to carry us in the mountains, and succeeded in getting two very good ones—a bay for Alice, and a chestnut for myself, named, respectively, "Billy" and "Toby." Mr. Hardisty kindly lent me two horses, a strong brown and a baysailed pony; and Mrs. Hardisty and her sister, Mrs. Wood, drove out with us to our camp, accompanied by Mr. Hardisty on horseback. The night was lovely, and we all sat a long while by the camp fire before they returned.



BUFFALO HEAD

Aug. 9th.—McKay engaged an Englishman named Dennison, instead of the Cree, who says he is sick, which is what an Indian always says when he is tired of the trip. We bid Mr. and Mrs. Hardisty goodbye, and started for Lake St. Ann's, beyond which we cannot take the carts, but shall have to pack. We passed Le Grand Lac, where there is a Roman Catholic mission called St. Albert. This is one of the prettiest places imaginable, with a well-built Church handsomely decorated inside by the priests, who lived in a small house on one side, whilst some Sisters of Charity, of the order called "Les Sœurs Grises," lived in the most lovely little house on the other. A verandah, with a balcony in front, runs round the front of it, covered with creepers, and a pretty little flower garden, bright with colours lies in the front of that. The Sisters gave us tea, with delicious fresh raspberries and cream, and then took us to see the Girls' School, a large airy room, with the beds ranged round two sides, in tiers or bunks. These are occupied by the children who are orphans, and are entirely maintained and educated at the expense of the Mission. Everything is beautifully clean and tidy. The children, mostly half-breeds, sang very prettily, both in French and English. They look well-fed, clean, and as happy and smiling as possible. They told us that they had here, about sixty children to educate. The Sisters made us promise to come to see them on our return. Père le Due took us to see some good wood carving in the Church, also some fair fresco painting, done by the Priests, and showed us a large house building for the Bishop, who is, at present away in France. It may be a singular coincidence, but I have noticed that, wherever there is a Mission of any persuasion, where there is a Bishop, it has been my unfortunate luck to find him always away in his own country, as one is usually told, endeavouring to collect funds.

We camped on, and found our people camped with Mr. Tat's party near Le Grand Lac. He is returning to Two Jumps Cache, in the hopes of being able to get more of the H.B. Co.'s horses through the Pass. Presently, with much shouting and cracking of stock whips, a mob of cattle from British Columbia were driven up. This, the first attempt to bring cattle across the mountains by the Yellowstone Pass, has been a failure, and the owner will lose largely, having lost by accidents one half his animals.

Aug. 10th.—McKay left us taking back our riding horses, namely "Prince," "The Jew," "Frank," "Pleasant," and the chestnut lent us by Mr. Clarke. Travelling on, the country got more and more wooded, the trail worse and worse, until, finally, after noon, we entered a thick poplar forest, and the carts and waggon were reduced to a waltz. We camped by a creek with Mr. Tat's party. He goes on tomorrow (Sunday), but kindly says he will wait as long as possible at Lake St. Ann's, in order to help us, my men being unused to packing.

Sunday, Aug. 11th.—Mr. Tat's party left us. A "blue jay," or "whiskey jack," has attached himself to our camp, and hops about, fearless, and extremely inquisitive, helping him-self, without ceremony, to anything that suits his fancy.

Aug. 12th.—Alice and I rode on before our men to Lake St. Ann. The track ran through the forest to the edge of the lake, which we followed for some five miles, until we arrived at the H.B. Fort, where we were hospitably received by Mr. Kirkman. The lake is a very large one, fully ten miles in breadth, and twice that distance in length. We had much ado to arrange our pack saddles, and packing equipment, and I fear the horses would have suffered, had not Mr. Tat most kindly lent us his head packer, Connor, to fit our pack saddles, also the gear, and teach my men to pack the horses. I engaged a half-breed, Judah. This came being rather awkward to call out suddenly he was at once named Johnny. I also got rid of Dennison here, whom did I not like. I think he has been little used to travelling, and, I noticed, was not over obedient to Alexander Macbeth. There is a small Roman Catholic Church here, with a Priest.

Aug. 13th.—Mr. Tat's train started, he and Connor waiting behind for some horses which had not been found. The R.C. Priest paid us a visit, and then, with Mr. Tat's and Connor's assistance, we commenced the serious business of packing the horses. First, each pack has to be compressed into the smallest possible space. Each horse carries three, two side and one top. Side packs must be of exactly equal weight, and the top pack must not be too bulky, or it is constantly catching in the thick and fallen timber through which the horses have to pass. Our tent poles have to be cut in two, and the ridge pole fitted with a hinge in the middle. Finally, the whole of the bundles have to be secured on the horses' backs by lash ropes, which must, of necessity be hauled so taut, that the poor animal waltz about looking like a wasp. Finally all was packed, and we started down a pretty trail, with smooth grass under our horses' feet, in great spirits, at getting started fairly for the mountains. I bought a bay mare from Dennison, called "Kate," she is good-looking, and I think a good animal. Her owner wished us "good-bye," hitching up the beautifully-ornamented fire bag in his sash. I noticed that, whenever wanted to do anything, such as help a horse out of a bog, or pull a cart wheel out of a hole where it stuck, he rushed at the work, as if everything was going to fly before him. Then came a slight hesitation, and then he carefully hitched up his fire bag in his sash, and let somebody else do the work. Our grassy avenue soon began to narrow to a mere track, and fallen trees and branches began to lay thickly across it. In many places, the ground was soft and boggy: little creeks, with three inches of water and a bottomless abyss of mud were crossed by two or three poles, generally rotten, thrown across and covered with branches. These bridges had all to be tried. One of our pack horses, however, fell through one, luckily not hurting himself. Our horses were constantly kept jumping the fallen timber, as nothing is considered worth cutting under three feet high. The forest was excessively dense, consisting, mostly, of pine, poplar, and birch. We came up to Mr. Tat's party camped near a lake, called by the Indians, "The Lake of the

Islands," and camped near them. Here Mr. Tait and Connor soon after joined, the latter having had a bad fall at one of the rotten bridges, his horse falling on his leg; fortunately he was not much hurt.

Aug. 14th.—Started about 7.30, thanks to Mr. Tait's kind assistance, in helping, and directing my men. He has also lent me an experienced packer, from his party, a half breed, called "Jack." Mr. Tait rode with us, behind the train. He is very pleasant and agreeable. The track was very bad, the forest dense, and choked with dead fallen trees, making the horse's work, much like playing at spellicans. We crossed the Pembina River. Its high banks covered with timber, except where white cliffs break through the dark green foliage of the trees. The current was swift, and the river broad, but shallow, I noticed much coal lying amongst the gravel of its bed. We camped at Steep Bank Creek.

Aug. 15th.—There is little variation in our day's travelling. We are riding in a long string, at a slow walk, necessitated by the extreme badness of the trail. First rode Macbeth, on a handsome brown pony, that is rather a handful for him. Then four loose horses and two pack horses. Then Jack the half-breed, who varies the constant refrain of "Git up," by cracking a ponderous stock whip. Then three more pack horses, followed by "Johnny," on his little roan pony. Three more pack horses, and Alexander on the hobtail, who only escaped parking by reason of his tail being so short, the crupper would not remain. Lastly, followed Alice, Mr. Tait, and myself. We seldom can see more than one horse ahead, and only are aware of the presence of the others by the cries of "Now Johnny," or "Hoi Chocolat!" (Chocolat) or worse still, the repeated order "Hold hard; a horse down in front." Still the shade of the trees is delicious, as the sun, on the rare occasions that we are exposed to its rays is very hot. Camped by a creek in a small opening made by a forest fire. A slight shower of rain (Aug. 16th) made the forest extremely disagreeable to ride through, the wet from the leaves thoroughly soaking one, as one brushed by them.

Aug. 17th.—Met some Stone Indians (Assiniboines) who came to me and complained that some white men had stolen their only axe. Through an interpreter, I told them I could hardly believe that it had been willingly stolen, but that, probably it had been found by white people who thought it was lost; but that, if one of their young men would accompany me to where we camped, I would give him another axe, which one of their party gladly did. He rode behind me, and I amused myself by getting him to tell me the names of horse, gun, knife, &c., in Assiniboine language. We passed a beaver dam, just broken down by these Indians in order to get the beaver. The work of these animals is to be seen on every little creek and stream. Some of the dams are so beautifully finished as to look like the finished work of man. The trail was to-day, if possible, worse than ever. We were in the midst of a large beale, the dead, burnt timber, some standing, but most of it fallen in every possible way across the track. The ground, the moss having been burnt, was converted into a huge bog. Our poor pack horses were down several times, one sticking fast twice, and having to be extricated by being unloaded and rolled on his side. This horse I have named "Delay." He is a gallant old beast, but his strength is not equal to his pluck. No sooner does he see a worse bog than usual, than without taking thought, or hesitating a moment, he dashes into the worst part of it, makes a frantic plunge or two, and waits for us to get him out of it. As John Macbeth says, "There is nothing mean about that horse, but it is his hurry that spoils him." We camped at Wolf Creek. Mr. Tait's party had got five miles further on; they having not so many horses to pull out of bogs had gone on rather quicker. I asked Mr. Tait to stop with us, and lent him spare tent and blankets. Our Assiniboine friend also remained with us for the night, thoroughly enjoying the luxury of unlimited tea and tobacco.

Sunday, Aug. 18th.—The Assiniboine left us a happy man, with his presents, and Mr. Tait rode on, to catch up his party. We hope to meet him again in the Yellowhead Pass, where he must be some time with his horses. Our camp is not a pretty one; nothing but burnt trees visible on every side, some standing, but most fallen in a confused mass. All as dry as tinder. The terrible danger in these brushies is of being caught by a second fire. I gave directions to the men, should such an occurrence surprise us, to get the tents and blankets to the nearest water; then, choosing the most open piece of ground, pitch the tents, thoroughly soaked with water, and cover with all the blankets, skins, and buffalo robes, thoroughly soaked, carefully closing every aperture. It would be the only possible chance of escaping the great danger and the suffocating smoke. To attempt to run would be fatal. All our men, even Johnny, the half-breed, joined with us at our Sunday service.

Monday, Aug. 19th.—To-day, we got the first glimpse of the mountains, through an opening in the forest, and, whilst riding ahead of the train, saw the largest wolf I have ever seen, but only for an instant. He vanished in the thickets of the forest. We arrived at the McLeod River, and crossing our packs and selves in a canoe found there, drove the horses through. They could just ford it without swimming. It is a swift running stream, and looks a perfect river for fly-fishing. We saw many tracks of bear and moose, the former very fresh; and, as we were camped close to the river, I put my rod together, to try if there were any fish that would rise to the fly, but did not get a single rise.

Tuesday, Aug. 20th.—Our course now ran along the northern bank of the McLeod. Several of my men saw a male deer (*capreolus macrotis*). We got a grand view of the mountains, their snowy peaks extending to the north and south, as far as the eye could reach. Fished a small brook in the evening, and killed one trout, one char, and two grayling. The trail now runs principally through green timber, which is always much better than the burnt ground. Poor "Delay," however, again came to grief at a steep place, from being in too great a hurry, as usual, and came over backwards, without hurting himself

in the least. Found a letter from Mr. Tait, stuck in a tree, saying he had caught his train here after dark, when released to despair, and half a square inch of tobacco. Camped again by the McCleod. Alice and I killed, with a fly, two large 6lb. trout and eight grayling. The evening was cold and rainy, so, thinking a glass of grog would do my men no harm, I told John Macbeth to give it to them; and, presently, I heard shouts of laughter. On enquiring the cause, John told me that, on offering it to the half-breed, Jack, he started up, whispering, "sh! sh! be quiet. He'll hear you. Where did you get it?" he being under the impression it was stolen on the sly. This delighted my men, who are far above anything of the sort.

THURSDAY, THE 22ND.—We were all day crossing a high range of hills, separating the McCleod and Athabasca Rivers. I saw and shot three black or tree partridges—one with my rifle, shooting it where I aimed, and knocking its head off. I saw fresh bear tracks. They are all of small black bear. After a long tiring march, camped by the Athabasca River. We saw many old deserted camps, both of Stony Indians and also of the Iroquois. We followed the Athabasca Valley through much burnt timber, and about noon, entered the Yellowhead Pass. The scenery perfectly lovely; the mountains rising boldly on either hand; and, on the left, a huge pillar of rock, towering high above the surrounding hills. This is called, by the Indians the Myette Rock, or Houkimeowatchi, or Chief Rock. We camped about nine miles from the crossing of the Athabasca, near Jasper's House.

FRIDAY, THE 23RD.—At the crossing, we were met by the Iroquois, who welcomed our arrival with gunshots, and assisted us greatly, with their canoes, in crossing ourselves, and our luggage. The river is deep, and the current exceedingly swift, and we should have had much trouble, had not Mr. Tait told the Indians we were coming. We nearly had a mess in swimming our horses. They landed back when in mid-stream, and drifted under a steep bank, where the water was deep; and, on being driven over again, they missed the landing place, and got under a bank below, then some tried to stem the current, whilst others vainly endeavour to effect a landing. It was excessively difficult to drive them down to a spot, not 100 yards below, where they could land. Finally, they got all over safely, but some were so exhausted that they lay down immediately they got ashore. We thus were obliged to camp near the Iroquois, whose camp consisted of eight lodges made of moose skin, which, in the forest, replaces the buffalo skin lodge of the prairie Indian. Of course, all turned out to greet us; and, after presenting tobacco, they were pleased to say that I was their Houkimeow, or Chief,—a title apparently easily got, with a few yards of strong black twist. The Indians were round our camp all the evening, and, on our retiring, returned to their own camp, to celebrate our arrival by drumming and singing their songs of "Hi! Hi! Ha! Ha!" all night long. I never could distinguish any tune; but, yet, some are considered better singers than other, and a reputation as a good performer on the drum is not easily acquired.

SUNDAY, 26TH.—Alexander, accompanied by Jack, rode over to Henry House, (a cache made by Government at the time of the surveying,) to see if an American fur trader, who is there, had any stores that we wanted. In the Iroquois camp, we saw five Iroquois and a Chikanee Indian playing a gambling game for tobacco. The players, three on a side, sat facing each other, each side with an old blanket spread over their knees. One side sang and drummed vigorously, whilst the other, with their heads buried under the blanket, scratched and shouted, and worried, like a Skye terrier, who thinks he has got very close to a rabbit in his hole. Their object was to shuffle little bits of stick, or buttons from one hand to the other. Then, at a particular part of the song, they raised themselves, straying their bodies, with their arms crossed, and their long hair flying about. Then one of the drumming party clapped his hands, and held up either his right or his left hand, and the music stopped. Those who had the stick in the hand that was held up scored one, by placing a little piece of stick in front of them, and, with a shout and fresh gesticulations, worried away beneath the blanket again; whilst those who had nothing in the hand held up were put out. When all three of a side were out, the drums changed hands, and the game went on as before. They started five hours ago, and, as I am writing, I hear the incessant "tum, tum," of their drum still going on at their camp. I engaged an Indian named Paul, who has the reputation of being a good hunter, to come with me. His daughter made me a capital saddle bag of buffalo skin, covered with part of an old mackintosh. The Chikanee Indians come from the country above Peace River. They say that the wood buffalo are extinct, none having been seen since the time of their fathers.

MONDAY 26TH.—As it was impossible to get ready to start to-day, we rode over to Mr. Tait's camp, and had dinner with him; and then rode to see his mob of horses, from British Columbia. They were mostly well-bred looking animals, but miserably poor and thin.

TUESDAY 27TH.—I sent Paul and Alexander to "cache," some stores in the abandoned Jasper's House. The former returned in a great state of excitement, saying he had cished all his worldly goods there, and all had been stolen by the secondinals, who had taken the Assiniboine's axe. Paul, at once wished to go in chase, saying that he would wait and hang about their party, and after dark, would steal their horses, and so repay himself. However, as this would be an extremely bad precedent to allow, I dissuaded him, at the same time, promising to have the men punished. Thus, I can do, through Mr. Tait, who is himself returning to British Columbia, for which province he is a Justice of the Peace. This settled, we forded a deep and rapid stream, that runs into the valley, on the Northern side, and started up an old Indian trail, leading towards the district of the Peace River.

WEDNESDAY 28TH.—Paul, saying that we should see sheep, rode ahead of the train, and had not gone far,

when we saw some cross the river, on some rocky precipitous ground. The salt crops out in places along this river, which makes it a favourite salt-lick, for the sheep. We had to ride some distance, before we could ford the river; and leaving our horses tied, made a stalk to the place where we had seen the sheep. On arriving there, they had disappeared, but we got a glimpse of them, feeding about a quarter of a mile further up. Got an easy stalk, and put above them, killed the first with my right barrel, and would easily have killed the second, had not Paullet got excited and tagged at my arm, as he thought that, as I did not lie down, and rest my rifle on a stone—Indian fashion—that I didn't see it. I cautioned him to keep quiet and well back another time, and then we had a slide and scramble to the bottom of the cliff, where I found the sheep lying dead, with a bullet through its heart, one horn broken by the fall. It was a large ewe, and very fat. The Mini, or Rocky Mountain sheep, is less like a sheep than a deer. In coat, they much resemble the "ekari," or plain antelope, though the colour is a little darker. In the ram alone, the large curved horns gives the head the appearance of the sheep, though of a gigantic size. It is a large and heavy animal, standing higher than an antelope, or about the height of a fallow deer. At this season of the year, the rams, being very fat, are seldom found in the lower ranges, or at the salt-licks, but lie, cool and secure from flies and mental anxieties, amongst the snows of the highest peaks. We had a hard climb up the cliff, and, reaching our horses, re-crossed the river, to find our men camped on the opposite side. Of course, fresh mutton was hailed as a great luxury, and it certainly deserves its high reputation amongst the Indians as a delicacy, being by far the best mutton I have ever tasted.

August 29th.—We forded the river on horseback, taking Johnny with us to drive our horses back, and then ascended the mountain opposite our camp, accompanied by Paullet. After three-and-a-half hours hard climbing, we reached the limit of the growth of trees. The ground now consisted of loose shale and small debris, sloping sharply down to cliffs below. This was crossed in every direction by sheep paths. The worse the ground the more the sheep apparently like to frequent it. We were quietly walking on, when Paullet suddenly crouched, and pointed below him. Creeping up with my rifle, I saw the horns of a ram, about 60 yards below us. He had been lying down on a bed made by scraping the shale out with his feet. Paullet called like a cow, and, as he stood up, I saw the whole of his head and neck. Fearing to spook his horns, I fired at the latter, and he fell, the bullet having broken the spine. Paullet ran to him, and held him whilst giving his expiring kicks, to prevent him rolling over, and away down the steep slope, to fall from cliff to cliff, to unknown distances below. He was four years old, but I am disappointed with the size of the horns. After cutting him up, and taking the head, we went on, and saw many ewes, which I would not stalk, having plenty of meat in the camp. We returned about 5 p.m., and, after a long consultation with Paullet decided to try back by the Yellowhead Pass. This will be better for our pack horses, who sadly need rest.

August 30th.—Returned to Jasper's House, and camped about three miles above it, with a lovely view of the Athabasca Lake and Mountains on the opposite side.

Aug. 31st.—Hunted a mountain, at the back of our camp, to which we rode, leaving our horses tethered at the foot of it. We ascended by the dry bed of a mountain stream, that had cut it self a channel little more than 15 yards in width, but, in places, fully 100 feet in depth, through the rock. The cool gloom of this passage, after the glare of the hot sun, was delicious. Saw old tracks of moose and black bear, and fresh tracks of the animal I wanted—the wabpet, or white goat. Presently, far above us, we sighted a goat with my glasses. We had a long climb to get round, but, finally, succeeded in getting above the animal, and creeping through the struts for trees, got within about forty yards. But I could distinguish neither head, shoulder, nor any shape whatever. Amongst the trees, it looked simply like a mass of white. Aiming at the centre of what I saw, I fired, and heard the bullet strike, but, not seeing it fall, fired the second barrel. Down it went, luckily being caught by a tree before it had gone many yards. It proved to be a large white goat. Both shots had struck it—the first one, a little too far back. This animal frequents the most precipitous and rugged hills of the northern ranges of the rocky mountains, the sheep and the goats keeping entirely apart. It has long white hair over a fleecy wool. Its legs are covered with long hair, making a strong contrast to the jet black horns, feet, and nose. As we were returning on horseback, I saw an animal running quickly ahead of me. Dismounting hurriedly, I fired, knocking over a lynx,* an animal whose skin I much desired to get. The green glare in the poor beast's eyes, combined with the tuft of hair on the tips of the ears, gave it the most fiendish and diabolical look I ever saw.

September 1st.—Paullet brought us a present of two white fish from his brother's camp. We had "alarms and excursions" all night with dogs from the Iroquois camp, who were determined on a "cutting out" expedition on our stores.

Sept. 2nd.—On getting ready to start, Paullet suddenly refused to go on, said he was unsatisfied; also, that he was sick; also, that he wanted to see his wife and family; that they had nothing to eat. He also he could not hunt to day; but that he would come back to-morrow. In fact, he went on the strike. It is a nuisance, but it is useless to lose one's temper with Indians, they not the least understanding why on earth anyone should be in a hurry, or why one should bother oneself about anything, so long as one has enough to eat. The worst is, all the other Indians are off hunting. I amused myself sketching all day; and, in

* The lynx—*Lynx canadensis*, *Catamount*; *Lepus arizonae*, *Lepus arizonae*, is the most northern species of this genus in N. America; it is supposed to occur as far north as 66° latitude. About 40 lbs. in weight, with short tail and large feet; of a greyish colour, and black tips to ear and tail. The Indian dogs won't eat the flesh. The only thing I ever saw, except iron, they won't eat.

the evening, Alice and I rode "Billy" and "Toby" down to the abandoned Jasper House. We found there a little grave, fallen over which was a rough-hewn tablet and cross, with the inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Ann Logan, who departed this life, the 4th Feb. 1854, aged 6 months." "Suffer little children to come unto me." Next day, we walked down with Alexander, and replaced the tablet and cross, and endeavoured to make the inscription plainer, but with little success.

SEPT. 8th.—We are very tired of losing so much time. In the evening we saw Paulet's party arrive and cross the river.

ON THE 4TH, Paulet joined us on fresh terms, and we started to move up the Pass westward. Cantoring on, the trail through the Pass being good, suddenly we saw smoke ahead, and found the forest in a blaze close to the left of the path. Fortunately, the wind was ahead, and the fire being on our left, the huge column of flame was blown on one side of us. But there was not a moment to lose. So halloing to our train, they flogged the horses into a gallop, and we just got by, and that was all! The heat was tremendous. One tree was blazing not two yards from the track. When all were safe to windward of the fire, Alice and I stopped to admire the beautiful scene. The flame, as it caught one huge pine tree after another, ran up in an instant, leaving the outline of the tree in red-hot embers. I shot some more grouse to-day, with my rifle, knocking their heads off. Camped by a small stream, two miles east of the old Government cache of Henry House. An Iroquois hunter, with a boy, came to our camp at night, and remained.

SEPT. 5TH.—Packed three horses with small tent, bedding, and provisions, Alice riding "Montagne," and I "Kate," and John the brown pony, started towards Henry House, where we were to meet Paulet. Mr. Tait overtook us on the way going back to Kamloops. I made Paulet make a list of what was stolen from him, and swear to it before Mr. Tait; and then made Carey, the trader here, swear to his having been sold some clothing, belonging to Paulet, by the ruffians, who I hope will be punished. Tait promises to have them arrested at Kamloops. Swam the horses across the Athabasca, and crossing ourselves and luggage, in a small canoe, started southward, and camped by a small lake.

SEPT. 6TH.—We ascended the mountain, as far as practicable, with horses, Paulet cutting a trail through the timber ahead of us, and camping started off to hunt. Saw many old caribou and sheep tracks, but none fresh. After our return it commenced to snow.

ON THE MORNING OF THE 7TH, we awoke to find the ground covered with four inches of snow. A very trying day over land ground to deep snow, seeing no tracks until dusk, when we saw two sheep tracks, and then it was too late to follow. I saw a good many ptarmigan, and killed one with a stone; and also shot a specimen of the "siffleur," so called from its cry, which exactly resembles that of a man whistling. It measured 2 feet 8 inches from nose to end of tail. In colour and build, not unlike a badger. Two long teeth in the lower jaw, and two short ones in the upper. Head shaped like a squirrel. Four toes and claws, and a dew claw on forefoot; five toes and claws on hind. It lived amongst loose piled boulder rocks, and remained one strongly of the rock rabbit, or Cape Hyrax, said to be the "coony" of Scripture.

SEPT. 8TH.—SUNDAY.—More snow; so decided to return into the valley, where we arrived about noon, and found it very hot. It is like changing from the depth of winter to the middle of summer. Our camp received the addition of an Indian dog this evening, who made herself at home, and bayed a porcupine in the evening, which was killed quickly with a stick.

SEPT. 9TH.—We rode up a Pass running to the southward, and had a long climb up the steep hills to the left; and, on coming to the snowline, we saw many tracks of sheep, but could make none out with the glasses. We descended, and climbed another ridge, but with no better success. Paulet appeared much disturbed, and kept muttering, in his bad French, "*Pas partout, et pas capable les car.*" Finally, after a most fatiguing day, over very bad ground, Paulet and I, having to assist Alice over the dangerous places, descended, and, mounting our horses, arrived at camp about dusk, not, however, without grief, for both our horses had falls in the dark.

ON THE 10TH, we swam our horses back, across the Athabasca, and Paulet again made difficulties. He kept saying it was no use my hunting, nor Alice accompanying me, although I am certain that either of us could walk him down now, although he beat us at first. The man puzzles me. He seems so uneasy about finding game. Finally we started again for Caribou Lake and camped there.

STARTED next morning early. I had again a very long ascent, and, on reaching the limit of timber, found fresh caribou tracks, but could see none. Paulet sat down and put his head between his hands, and again came the wail, "*Pas partout, et pas capable les car.*" Finally, as he sat with his head buried between his hands, whilst I smoked a pipe, he said he would go and look over a ridge behind us, and that I was not to follow until he waved his hand, which he would do should he see anything. We watched him up to the ridge, and saw him stand, step back, and wave his hand to me. Up we went, and there in a valley below, were six caribou feeding. It was a steep descent, a small glacier partly covered with snow, that ran from our feet where a stream started down the valley. Close to the glacier, was a slope of debris and shale, and, except where the stream made its exit, high precipitous cliffs on every side. The wind was awkward, so, after a short consultation, we tried round the crest of the hill to the left, to see if it were possible to descend anywhere, Alice remaining at the place where we first saw the caribou. We found a place, ultimately, where we

* Rocky mountain marmot, siffleur. There is a specimen of this animal in the British Museum, but I can find no mention of him, except in Lord Southesk's book, "Baskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains."

thought we could get down, but, on descending half-way, could go no farther, except in full view of the game, so ascended again, and, getting to the point from which we started, ran down the steep slope of shale and debris, our moccasins alone keeping us from slipping. On getting into the valley, to our joy, we found there was an odd wind. Paulet now whispered that, on hearing the game, the wind would change, and that we must run as fast as possible, and I must hunt man-hatly. I saw the game, now hid from us by a hill-ck. Off we went, and rushing the stalks, away went a hind, but to the right, I saw the stag getting on his legs, about eighty yards off. I was much blown by so long a run, but, throwing up my rifle fired, and had the satisfaction of hearing the welcome thud, and seeing the stag quiver. Fired at the left, and biggest hind, and hit her. As she went off with the rest of the herd, she stopped about 250 yards off, when I fired two barrels at her, and missed her clean, being much blown. Ran down a small ravine to her, and getting within a hundred yards, killed her with the left barrel; then walked up to where the stag was standing crippled, and finished the poor beast, and sat down thoroughly pumped out. He has a splendid head of twenty-five points, with the broad palmated tines in front of the forehead well developed. Alice now joined us, having seen all the stalk through the glasses. The woodland caribou, of which this stag is a very good specimen, is exactly the same animal as the wild rein-deer of Lap land and Siberia, and, indeed, I think the barren land caribou to be only different in size and weight of horns, on account of the difference of food. I packed the head on Paulet's back, and, taking some meat my-ck, we started back, reaching camp at sun-down. Next morning, Paulet absolutely refused to go for the meat, whereupon I gave him a good scolding, at which he got sulky, and disappeared with his blanket. Alice and I, rode down to Carey, at the Henry House, where we found Paulet. And soon all the trouble comes out. It seems that, at first, he thought that Alice accompanying us, was bad medicine, which rendered it impossible for him to find game, secondly, when sitting with his head in his hand, he had made medicine to his caribou over the ridge, a place where he had never hunted before, and therefore, it would be fatally unlucky for him to go for the meat, or to touch it the day after it was killed, as he could never hope that any bullet of his would then touch a caribou. They are extraordinary people, these Indians, and very troublesome to deal with. We met John, coming down, having moved the camp, on finding I was late returning.

SEPT. 13TH.—Paulet now willing enough to go after the meat, accompanied by Alexander, John Macbeth, and Jedany, went off to bring in the game, whilst Alice and I went to the river, to try for trout; but it was very cold with snow, and the trout declined to rise.

SEPT. 14TH.—Our party returned with the meat, having had hard work to carry it down to the horses. John Macbeth's account of their troubles was most entertaining. He said all had been bringing what a weight they could carry on their backs, when they started. Good large bundles were tied up in the skins, and carefully poised before starting, that no one might have any advantage. The ascent up the glacier was hard, and excessively trying to them. John and Alexander, unused to climbing, could hardly keep their feet. Then Alexander put his bundle down, threw out about 3-lb. or 4-lb. of meat, and shouldered it again. John set to be beaten, did the same, and the whole party kept lightening their loads as they fell rather than walked along. Alexander's conscience, however, prickled him, on throwing away a piece of beautiful meat with fat, and looking back at it, he relented, cut off the fat, and replaced the meat in his bundle. When the party arrived at their horses, they were too tired to do anything but light a fire, lie down by it and go to sleep. Paulet told them the best way to descend a hill, when packed, was to do it in little jumps. Alexander's little jumps soon became long ones, till, unable to stop himself, he elapsed the rough trunk of a pine tree with both arms, his impetus swinging him right round it, and tearing his clothes into shreds. In the morning, John Macbeth, to chaff Alexander, declared it was a pity to leave so much good meat to spoil, and suggested another trip to bring it down. Alexander seriously replied, "I would not go up that hill again to save a man's life."

SEPT. 15TH.—We hunted some mountains on the northern side of the pass. Saw many ewes and a two-year-old ram, but nothing worth stalking. The ground was frozen hard, which made the steep slopes of small debris very difficult walking. On the way to camp, saw a porcupine, and ran him with a stick. Though not a fast animal, it was all I could do to kill him amongst the thick fallen timber at the base of the hill. He got stuck between two trees, and, at each attempt of mine to seize him, struck quick, hard blows upward with his tail, my leather gauntlet being stuck full of quills. Finally, Paulet came up, and knocked him on the head with a stick. The Indians think them a great delicacy, and, indeed, they are far from bad.

SEPT. 17TH.—Paulet ill—really this time. He appears quite knocked up, but says he will send his brother, Simon, on with us. So moved camp back to Jasper's House.

SEPT. 18TH.—Hunted the Myette Rock with an Indian named Susay Gosset. We saw some sheep right under the perpendicular cliff. The Indian said it would be impossible to get them, from the eddies of wind that always play against this huge cliff. However, we made the attempt, but without success. The sheep were 500 yards off by the time we got to them.

SEPT. 19TH.—Crossed the Athabasca with our horses, and with Simon, followed the course of the Rocky River for some distance, and then branched up the dry bed of another stream. Presently, Simon viewed sheep on our left, far up the mountain side. So telling Macbeth to camp a little further on, we

* The woodland caribou (*Rupicapra caribou*), is, in my opinion, identical with the European rein-deer (*Tarandus Rungifer*) which latter variety I shot in Norway.

† Canadian porcupine.—Oven—a tree climber.

started up after them. The sheep having moved, we came on them unexpectedly, my rifle unloaded. But loading quickly, I ran up and had just time to roll over the only ram in the flock, a three-year old. Simon rushed at him as he came rolling down, and stopped him thus saving the horns. It was a lucky thing to do, the ground being very steep and bare, the slope being so sharp that Simon took the ram down by holding on to its horns, and letting the body slide in front of him. Hitting our horses' trail, we followed them to camp, and sent Johnny with "Wabco," the white horse, to Simon, to help him bring in the ram. A perfect chorus of wolves all night long, occasionally varied by the dull growl of a bear. Next day, Simon wished to return. Reasons as usual. He had said he would go with me until I killed a ram; that his family wanted food, &c., &c. However, I soon settled him, saying I would give him a pair of binocular glasses, if he succeeded in showing me a really large ram. So we started to hunt again, and Simon succeeded in finding, with the glasses, a large flock of sheep, one of which he thought was a really large ram. They were a long way off, and we rode up the valley, to the other side of the mountain, where they had been seen. Leaving our horses, we ascended by the bed of a shallow mountain stream, and after an hour's steady climb, got near the summit of the ridge. Looking down from the top we should see the sheep on the other side. Simon was much alarmed about the wind, which seemed to be bad, but I felt sure it was only an eddy. When rested, we crept to the summit, and the wind came full on our faces. No sheep were to be seen, but creeping on a few yards, there, 180 yards below, was an enormous ram, looking quite black against the gray rocks. Instead of getting excited, like Paulet, Simon simply whispered, "*Prenez du temps, il ne nous voit pas.*" So taking a deliberate aim, I rolled him over. "*Mort*" said Simon, "*Prenez ma ceinture,*" and catching hold of his belt, we half slid, half crept over the frozen shale, and saw eight rams going off to our right, about 160 yards away. "*Trop loin,*" said Simon, "*Mais tirez toujours.*" Bang went the rifle, and the rock flew close to one of the rams, "*C'est votre coup*" and I fired again and again, but the distance was out of all reason. Three young rams now appeared far below us. Firing well over the back of the leading one, I heard the bullet tell. "*C'est vraiment un caribou, Monsieur*" But that ram I never got, although I found much blood on his track. Alice now came up, and we descended to look at the dead ram. A magnificent head, eight years old, and perfect. The horns measure 15½ inches in circumference, and in length 83½. Much pleased we returned to our camp carrying the head, Simon following with the meat on his horse. I think this is a trophy which will not easily be matched.*

SEPT. 21st.—We returned to the river opposite Jasper's House, Simon preceding us. "Jenny," the mule, insisted on acting as guide going back, but would have no short cuts, going, step by step, the way she came. Johnny's English is improving. In reply to a question of mine, he gravely responded, "But your boots," evidently thinking it a more ceremonious affirmative than plain "Yes."

SEPT. 22d, Sunday.—Simon came over with his boy, Solomon, a bright intelligent lad of 18, who has made great friends with John Macbeth, whom he intends to teach Iroquois. Johnny went over to a great dance at the Indian camp in the evening, and to eat white dog. Here a card of an invitation would run:—"Mrs. Simon at home. Dancing, singing, and white dog." The drumming went on as usual all night.

SEPT. 23rd.—Crossed the river. Sent Johnny to Alexander with orders to come down and to be ready to return. Hunted and saw some "cows" and a small ram, but nothing worth stalking. A heavy snow storm, and very cold.

SEPT. 24th.—Hunted Myette for goat without success. Alexander arrived with the rest of our horses and baggage. All, with the exception of George, a horse sent by Mr. Tait, on approval, looking well.

THE 25th.—Started homewards. Forded the Athabasca now much fallen, and camped near Fiddle River. Engaged a half-breed named Evan, to help us on our road. I exchanged an old coat for some nicely prepared moose and sheep skins. Sketched Evan's sister, who was delighted with the attention.

SEPT. 26th.—Reached Prairie River, and striking a new trail, by help of marks left by Connor, avoided all the burnt timber, and, coming along an excellent track, reached the camp at the foot of the mountains, at 4 p.m. Killed several partridges, knocking their heads off with bullets.

SEPT. 27th.—Crossed the mountain, and camped by the McLeod River. Passed a party, driving in what they could collect of stray cattle, but they leave many behind them at each camp.

SEPT. 28th.—Sunday.—Rested. The cattle passed us, leaving ten cows and a calf behind.

SEPT. 30th.—Forded the McLeod, and, hitting a new trail, marked by blazed trees, camped at Wolf Creek, at 8 p.m.

OCT. 1st.—Passed the cattle again—for good, I hope, as they make all the bogs fifty times worse, and the poor beasts leave the logs laid for bridges covered with their blood. I killed a good bag of partridge to-day with the rifle, all cleanly decapitated. Johnny has brought an Indian drum with him, with which he and Evan have musical entertainments every night at camp. The latter goes back to-morrow. He don't like travelling alone, being horribly afraid of ghosts, especially a species of ghost that lives in the forest, and devours the unhappy mortal that it catches alone at night.

* The Mountain Sheep; Dighorn: *Ovis montanus*—Cervic: the following measurements of an old male, are given by Sir John Richardson, in his "*Fauna Borealis Americana*." Length to end of tail, six feet; height at shoulder, 3-ft. 5-in.; length of tail, 2-in.; length of horn along curve, 34-in.; circumference of horn at base, 12-in.; distance between tips of horns, 27-in.

† The black partridge, or more properly Spruce partridge, or Canada grouse, were of the little known variety (*canace franklini*). This variety is, I believe, alone found on the Northern Rocky Mountains. It differs from the more common variety *canace canadensis*, in lacking the broad terminal orange bar on the tail, and also in having the upper tail coverts spotted with white.

Oct. 2nd.—A strong gale of wind. Two Iroquois stopped the night, at our camp. Johnny was delighted at the prospect of a trio, but a duck was all that came off, one of them, being so tired, he could not sing. The two performers—one on the drum, and the other on the tin pot—sat with their backs to the audience, whilst they performed. They were good enough to translate some of the songs, for our benefit. "Where is the Chief's tent? Come to the Chief's tent! That we may drink tea." It was much approved of. Also, "We thought we saw white people. We thought we saw white people; And that we drank tea. It turned out true;" and, as a finale, "Go for water once more (i.e. for tea). And we will go to our lodges. The daylight breaks, my brother." As to time, Alice says she distinguishes a difference. It may be so. The concert had not concluded when we went to sleep.

Oct. 3rd.—The Indians departed. Tait's horse knocked up. Camped at Round Lake.

Oct. 4th.—Tait's horse could go no further, so left him near water, with good feed, and a bell round his neck. Met Connor returning to Kamloops, and sent a letter by him to Mr. Tait. Camped at Lake St. Ann's, and revelled in fresh milk, sugar, and potatoes, and white fish. Here we met our old friend, the Assiniboine, to whom I gave the axe, who greeted us cordially, and, by-and-bye, our camp was surrounded by their braves and squaws. They are just back from a hunt, having killed 90 moose and many beaver. Arranged with Mr. Kirkness, to send for Tait's horse.

Oct. 5th.—Called on the Roman Catholic Priest. The weather perfectly delicious, which made our camp along the edge of the lake quite delightful.

On the 6th, we arrived at Big Lake. Sending on our train to Edmonton, we rode to the Mission, according to promise, and were most kindly received. They took us again to the School, where two Indian girls acted a little play in English, specially learned for us, and most capably they did it. Then two boys and two girls were called up, who, after reading several sentences from an English book, translated it easily into French with little or no hesitation. They then passed the English words, and, in short, surprised us much with their thorough knowledge of both English and French. We then returned to the Sisters' pretty house, and were given a most excellent dinner, which, however, the early hour—10.30 a.m.—would hardly permit us to do justice to. And, on going away, Alice was presented with a flower from their garden, prettily preserved in a medallion, and to myself they gave a beautifully-worked pair of moccasins. We then went on to Fort Edmonton, and found Mr. Hardisty had a boat built for us; but the river is so low, he recommended our only going down by water as far as Victoria.

On the Evening of the 6th, bidding Mr. and Mrs. Hardisty good-bye, we started, laden with luxuries by Mrs. Hardisty's kindness, accompanied by John Macbeth and with two boatmen—Alexander is to meet us with the horses at Victoria.

Oct. 10th.—We made but little progress, having to stop frequently, the boat being leaky, and we having to bale her frequently. Many ducks on the river, but they are very wild. Shot one.

Oct. 11th.—Stopped and watched three gold miners at work, at the edge of the river. They most civilly showed us the process. A sloping wooden trough, closed at the higher end, sheds on to a set of iron bars, forming a kind of roof over a wooden box, with an opening at the bottom of one side. The bars are about half-an-inch apart. A blanket is stretched below them, at the bottom of the box, at a slight incline towards the opening. The earth and mud is shovelled into the trough by one man, whilst another keeps baling in water, by which it is washed on to the roof, which throws off the gravel and stones. The finer sand and mud passing through, falls on the blanket, off which the light sand and earth are washed away, leaving only the heavy black sand and gold dust. The blankets, at regular intervals, washed into another box, which thus contains the black sand and gold. To separate these, after pouring off the water, quick-silver is mixed with the mass, which collects all the gold dust, in the form of amalgam. This is wrung out, through carbon leather, which squeezes the superfluous quick-silver out, to be used again. Lastly, the amalgam being subjected to heat in a pan, the quick-silver goes off in vapour, leaving pure gold dust. I never saw such wet, disagreeable work. The two men we saw, were making right to ten dollars a-piece per day. Stopped at Fort Saskatchewan, and got the seed of the mountain rye, from Constable Taber, he kindly loading our boat with vegetables from his garden. Killed four ducks.

Oct. 12th.—Saw three grey wolves. The water very low, the boat constantly getting fast. Killed sixteen ducks and a goose.

Sunday.—The weather cold and cloudy. Pierre, one of our boatmen—a half-breed—an excellent fellow, though half-witted, is very amusing. He gives us an account of a blackbird that wintered at Fort Edmonton, and, as it only appeared on sunny days, no one could imagine where he hid. "At last," said Pierre, "he was discovered in a heap of buffalo robes warm, steaming." Reached Fort Victoria. Mr. Brewster, the officer in charge, was most kind. We had supper with him. He gave Alice a specimen of the Saskatchewan gold of his own finding; and gave me a prettily-worked Cree fire-bag! Alexander got here last night.

Oct. 15th.—Bought a good-looking, but unbroken grey, for 100 dollars, with a buffalo line to catch him with. Named him "Jim." We camped 15 miles from Victoria.

Oct. 16th.—Bought my new horse, who will soon get gentle with quiet treatment. We were overtaken by a half-breed named Cardinal, and his son, who were returning from an unsuccessful hunt on the plains. Camped near Saddle Lake, and Cardinal presented us with some smoked white fish.

Oct. 17th.—Before starting, Cardinal brought us another present of four large white fish, and cooked one for us on a gridiron made of willows, for our breakfast. Camped by Dog's Ramp Creek.

Oct. 18th.—We camped by a lake, where there was plenty of goose grass for the horses, which is considered better food than oats.

On the 19th, strong gale, accompanied by snow, was right in our teeth. Camped two miles east of the Two Hills.

SUNDAY 20th.—Deep snow. Alice and I rode on to Fort Pitt, where we arrived at 2 p.m., and were most hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. McKay. Our train arrived at nightfall.

Oct. 21st.—We were delayed, while fresh horses were being driven in for us, but were quite charmed with both Mr. and Mrs. McKay. The latter gave Alice a beautifully-worked pair of gloves and a feather fan in Indian work; and McKay gave me a quiver of war arrows. We were charmed with our stay here, and delighted with Mrs. McKay's stories.

TUESDAY, 22nd.—Left Pitt. Heavy snow all day, but were fortunate in getting a snug, well-sheltered camp at night.

WEDNESDAY, 23rd.—Sharp frost, and a heavy fall of snow in the afternoon. The cold intense, at night, but we were again fortunate in our camp.

THURSDAY, 24th.—Snowed all day. It is delaying us much. Camped by Jackfish Lake. By taking great care to secure sheltered camps, we are snug and warm during the night. Our outer blankets, in the morning, are thickly-covered with ice.

FRIDAY, 25th.—Bitterly cold. Had much trouble in crossing Jackfish Creek, it being frozen over, but not strong enough to carry our carts, so had to cut a passage, with axes, across. Found a Cree hole, from which I took some specimens of Indian work.

SATURDAY, 26th.—Made a late start, our horses having strayed, and, about noon, saw two horses hobbled, and then saw a "backboard" or light waggon, on the right side of the road. Riding up with Alice and Alexander, I at once saw something was wrong. No fire, and snow lying on the things littered about. Suddenly Alexander exclaimed, "Here's a man frozen to death." I jumped off, and found a man lying by the backboard dead, with a wound in the left breast. I searched at once for tracks, but found none, the snow having fallen and covered all but deep horse tracks up, and some recent wolf tracks. On examining carefully, found a gun in a cover lying across the seat under some luggage. The muzzle of the cover was burst, both barrels recently discharged, the cartridge cases being in the chambers. Called Alexander and John, to observe carefully the position of the body, which showed that the deceased had accidentally discharged the gun, against the muzzle of which he must have been leaning, whilst packing for a start in the morning (as there had been a fire, which would not have been the case had he been unpacking in the evening). Death must have been instantaneous. Took from the body a gold watch, stopped at 5 10; a compass, and some tracts. The backboard was overloaded with luggage, including some cart harness, also tracks of more horses than could be accounted for by the two we found. So I conclude deceased, who, I suppose was a Methodist preacher, had been accompanied by another man, who, on the occurrence of the accident had gone back, probably by the tracks, to Carlton; that they had had a cart with them, and abandoned it, either through a break-down, or by the heavy snow. Some pemmican gnawed by wolves had been dragged some distance from the camp. I had the body wrapped in a blanket and tent, and put into one of my carts, as we could not leave it to be devoured by the wolves. The pemmican had saved it so far. We take the two horses with us, but they are small and weak, and will be of little or no service to us. Quite a gloom has fallen over our cheerful little party. More snow. The road gets worse, and we are yet 80 miles from Carlton, and now overlaid. Got a sheltered camp.

SUNDAY, 27th.—A violent storm of wind and snow from the eastward. Our camp well sheltered. Our horses cower into the camp, for protection and warmth. After service, the wind dropped a little, and we made fourteen miles, and got into a thicket by a frozen swamp, where we lay, snug and warm. I hope the weather may clear, that we may not have to abandon our carts.

Monday, 28th.—More snow. Passed a cart left by the trail, as I expected. Two trunks in it. Stopped at noon, by Bear's Paddling Lake, and then a sharp storm of wind, and snow came on. The trail is fast getting obliterated. The snow reaches up to the axle of the waggon. Suddenly, ahead, we heard, "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" and a shout, and saw a party advancing to meet us—one man ahead on snow shoes, followed by a dog sled, and then two more men. They proved to be a party sent out to bring in the dead man we were carrying, whom we then learnt to be a Mr. Skinner, a Methodist preacher on his way to Victoria. He had been travelling with a French Canadian, who, on the accident happening, had taken two horses, leaving the two we found, to starve in hobbles, as poor beasts, they could not paw away the snow, to get at the grass. Without knowing whether his master was dead, or had only fainted, not even touching him, or looking where he was wounded, he had taken fright, and galloped off without blankets or provisions, and travelling two days and one night, had arrived, with frost bitten feet, at Carlton, leaving, what, for aught he knew, was a wounded man, to perish from the cold in the wilderness of snow, his report, being, that he thought Mr Skinner must be dead by that time. Mr. Clarke, the chief officer, was away, but a hastily organized party, had been sent off at once, returning in twenty-four hours, with one exception, all frost bitten, and reporting they had lost the trail, in the deep snow. The party we now met had been started. Composed of old voyageurs, they were not to be so easily beaten; and encheiring provisions for their return journey, as they went along, were travelling day and night, in hopes of being yet in time, but they are most thankful to be able to turn back, and, at my assurance that Mr. Skinner's death must have been instantaneous. They have fresh provisions, and stay by us, to help

us through. We camped together, and had quite a cheerful evening—the first for several nights. We now followed the clear marked trail of the dog sled to Carlton.

THURSDAY, OCT. 20TH.—Gave over the corpses, to the relief of our party. It was put into a dog sled, to relieve our weary cart horses. A little snow in the morning, but the sun came out about noon—the first time for eleven days. The warmth was most enjoyable. We must have looked queer figures, riding along, wrapped in capots and furs. Everywhere where the hair was open to the air, it was a mass of ice from one's breath. Alexander, with a blanket entirely covering him, tied round the waist with a thong of "Shesamuppy," another tie round the neck, and a third at the top of his head, giving him the appearance of an animated turnip. Made a good day, considering there was eight inches of snow, and camped in a thicket of willows, near a frozen swamp.

WEDNESDAY, THE 30TH OF OCTOBER.—A lovely, bright day, and no wind. Our party baked in the warm sunshine. Arrived at the Saskatchewan, which is nearly frozen over. Alice, and I, crossed in a canoe, whilst the people were employed in getting a scow into the river to carry over our carts and horses. We found Mr. Clarke returned, and were most kindly and hospitably received; and revelled in the comfort of an airy room, with a bright fire of logs blazing in the open hearth. We have had a disagreeable journey from Fort Pitt. Our mocassins have been frozen hard on our feet each day; but by care in camping none of our party have been frostbitten. I had to give our men, however, extra warm woollen stockings, and we ourselves wore duffle socks over worsted stockings, and mocassins over all. Boots are unwearable and dangerous. We met here a Capt. Moore, and a Doctor from Prince Albert, come up to hold the inquest, at which I gave my evidence. I listened carefully to the evidence of the miserable wretch, the Canadian, and am convinced he is guilty of nothing but the most sly and cowardice. Sent off a letter to McKay at Prince Albert, and were delighted at receiving a letter from home. It had been to Edmonton, and had followed us back via Battleford. The weather has quite changed. Bright warm days, and the snow thawing. We enjoyed Mr. and Mrs. Clarke's kind hospitality until Tuesday morning. McKay had arrived in the meantime with all our horses, looking well after their rest. Alexander has left us to return to Prince Albert. McKay's brother, Gilbert, with a young Canadian, named Wardrope, and an Indian named "Watchan," make our party. John Macbeth still accompanies us. I had exchanged our tent for a buffalo leather lodge, and our train preceded us, with orders to cross the Saskatchewan on Monday, as it was reported sufficiently frozen over; but, on coming up with them, on Tuesday, we found the ice had broken up, and was floating in thick masses down the river. Mr. Clarke gave Alice a beautiful offleur skin robe, an excessively handsome present. McKay went with us to join our train.

ON WEDNESDAY, we moved up the river to the place, where we had crossed in the summer, and on Thursday, with much trouble, my men launched the scow, and crossed all our luggage and horses safely, "Prince" alone, seeing his comrades on the other side, desisted the boat, and, dashing boldly into the river, swam strongly through the floating ice to the other side.

FRIDAY, 8TH.—Our horses having strayed, we did not get away till noon, and camped at sunset, in a poplar bluff.

ON SUNDAY we camped near the forks of the road, where a telegraph station has recently been put up, called "Humboldt." Here we heard of a waggon belonging to the police, that had been left near the edge of the Salt Plain.

ON MONDAY, after making about eight miles, our sledges stuck fast, not another scrap of snow. Sent Gilbert, and an Indian off to try to find the waggon. They returned on Tuesday morning, without the waggon, which had been taken; but with a very indifferent cart, which they had purchased from a freight train. There was nothing for it, but to make travails. These primitive means of carrying luggage, consist of two poles, one tied on each side of the horse. The ends, kept apart by two cross-pieces tied to them, trail on the ground. The luggage is tied to the poles. Camped near the Lake of the Pyramid. Fortunately, we had fine weather across the Salt Plain, as it was not until Friday evening, that we reached the Touchwood Hill Post. Here we found the police waggon, with which, and a small waggon I bought from Mr. Macbeth, and a better cart, we started on Saturday. Mr. Macbeth gave me two beautiful black beaver skins. They are excessively rare.

ON TUESDAY, THE 19TH, we reached Fort Ellis, where Mr. McDonald kindly put us up.

ON WEDNESDAY, we left, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. McD., as far as Snake Creek.

ON THURSDAY, THE 21ST, stopped at the Police Station at Sheep Lake, to ask Capt. Herkimer's permission to take the waggon on, which was kindly accorded.

THE 22ND.—We had another fall of snow, and, after passing La Portage on the 27th, arrived at Winnipeg, later in the evening of Friday, 29th. Mr. James McKay buys all my lot of nine horses. We called in all our friends in Winnipeg, and had some pleasant evenings, with both Mr. George and Mr. John McTavish; and, through the courteous invitation of Mr. Willis, the contractor of the new railroad, were taken through by rail to Pembina, with a party, to see the last rail laid. I was introduced to a Mr. Traill, late an officer of the H.B. Co., who was excessively kind. We stopped for the night at Pembina, at a tiny but very clean hotel. Our party consisted of nine, and when we arrived, we were told the house was full. Five and twenty people arrived half-an-hour afterwards, from St. Paul. The result may be imagined. However, thanks entirely to the exertions of Messrs. Traill and Willis, Alice and I got the little parlour to ourselves, and made a comfortable bed of buffalo robes



ENGINEER SKINNER

on the floor. Those that were lucky of the rest of the party slept two in a bed; those out of luck slept on the floor. Mr. Willis was awoke in the night by a third person trying to get into his bed. He at once knocked the individual down, when he heard a voice exclaiming, "Hold hard, Csp. Don't you do nothing till I strike a light." When the light was struck, he remarked, "Why, you are the railroad man," Mr. Willis indignantly enquiring what he was doing in his room at that time of night, he snivelly remarked that he was "looking round for a bed without two in it." When I saw the numbers at breakfast the next morning, I could not conceive how they got standing room, much less space to lie down in. A very pleasant and entertaining American travelled down with us, whose business lay in what he called "buggery and fire proof safes." He had been sent for to Winnipeg, the bank there having lost the key of its safe, and being unable to open it. We got on to the regular line at Glyndon, and from thence rattled down via Chicago, to New York, and secured a cabin on board the "Bothnia." The distance ridden on horseback from Fort Garry to the place where we killed the caribou, in British Columbia, and back, is 2,600 miles. My bag has been:—

- 1 Buffalo.
- 1 Wolf.
- 2 Caribou.
- 1 Goat.
- 1 Siffleur.
- 1 Badger.
- 1 Lynx.
- 4 Rocky Mountain Sheep.
- 3 Porcupine.
- 2 Crane.
- 40 Duck.
- 1 Goose.
- 26 Pine Grouse.
- 22 Prairie Grouse.
- 1 Ptarmigan, and
- 1 Water Hen.

Alice Killed:—

- 1 Trout.
- 2 Grayling.

I Killed:—

- 2 Trout.
- 7 Grayling, and
- 1 Char.

We arrived home December 28rd.

Shortly after our return home I received a touching letter from Mr. Rufus Skinner, of Toronto (in answer to a letter that we had written to him, relating the particulars of finding the body of his son, Mr. Enoch Skinner), and enclosing a photograph of his late son.

